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THE

WORKS

OF

MRS. ANNE STEELE.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

COMPREHENDING

POEMS

ON SUBJECTS CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL:

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN PROSE AND VERSE:

HERETOFORE PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE OF

THEODOSIA.

.....He tunes
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sustains.

Night Thoughts.

VOL. I.

BOSTON,
Printed and published
BY MUNROE, FRANCIS AND PARKER,
Shakspeare Bookstore, No. 4 Cornhill.

1808.

ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

THE works of Mrs. Steele were published in England at different times. Two volumes, under the title of "Poems on subjects chiefly devotional, by Theodosia," appeared in the year 1760, during the life of the author; a third volume, entitled "Miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse," was published in 1780, after her decease, by Rev. Caleb Evans of Bristol, accompanied with a new impression of the preceding volumes. The editor of the posthumous pieces has prefixed to his volume a notice of the life of the author, which in this edition should more properly precede the whole work, and which we of course have transposed.

Boston, December 1, 1808.

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OF THE ENGLISH EDITOR.

It may possibly be some gratification to those who have hitherto been ignorant of the real name and character of the pious Theodosia, whose writings have so often cheered their hours of solitude, warmed their hearts with the love of virtue, and the glow of friendship, and animated their devotions in the closet and congregation, to be informed that she was known to her more intimate friends under the name of Mrs. Anne Steele. Her father was a dissenting minister, a man of primitive piety, the strictest integrity and benevolence, and the most amiable simplicity of manners. He was for many years the affectionate and faithful pastor of an affectionate and harmonious congregation at Broughton in Hampshire, where he lived all his days greatly beloved, and died universally lamented. Mrs. Anne Steele, his eldest daughter, discovered in early life her love of the muses, and often entertained her friends with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen: But it was not without extreme reluctance she was prevailed on to submit any of them to the public eye. This new edition of her works, accompanied with the volume which is now first offered to the public, would have appeared long

since, had the health of our Theodosia admitted of her paying that attention to it which was necessary. But it was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred spirits, to have a capacious soaring mind inclosed in a very weak and languid body. Her health was never firm, but the death of her honoured father, to whom she was united by the strongest ties of affectionate duty and gratitude, gave such a shock to her feeble frame, that she never entirely recovered it though she survived him some years.

Her state of mind upon that awful occasion will best be conceived of, from the following affecting description of it by herself, and which, with the permission of the family, I am at liberty to present to the public.

" Still bleeds the deep, deep wound !—Where is the friend
To pour with tender, kind indulgent hand,
The lenient balm of comfort on my heart ?
Alas, that friend is gone !—Ye angels say
(Who bore him raptured to your blest abodes)
Can ought on earth compensate for my loss !
Ah, no ! the world is poor, and what am I ?
A helpless, solitary worm, that creeps
Complaining on the earth ! Yet even to worms
The care of heaven extends, and can I doubt
If that indulgent care extends to me ?
Father of mercies, trembling at thy feet,
Give me to vent the heart-oppressing grief,
And ask for comfort !—can I ask in vain
Of him whose name is Love ?—But O the boon
My craving wishes ask is large indeed !
Yet less will leave me wretched—Gracious God,
Give me to say without a rising doubt,
" Thou art my Father"—thy paternal love
Alone can cheer my soul, thy kind compassion
Can ease the load of heart-oppressing grief.
O may I know my Father pities me !
And if he pities sure he will support :

What cannot love omnipotent effect ?——
Ah ! now one tender, one endearing tie
That held me down to earth, death has torn off,
And with it rent my heart strings—bid me come,
To thee my refuge ; prostrate at thy feet,
O bid me say, with faith and humble hope,
Heal, gracious father, heal my bleeding heart !
Thy healing hand alone can bring relief
For woes like mine ; can bring what most I want,
An humble resignation to thy will.
How hard the lesson ! (yet it must be learn'd)
With full consent to say, "Thy will be done."

As the life of Theodosia was for the most part a life of retirement in the peaceful village where she began and ended her days, it cannot be expected to furnish such a variety of incidents as arise in the history of those who have moved in circles of greater activity. The duties of friendship and religion occupied her time, and the pleasures of both constituted her delight. Her heart was 'apt to feel' too often to a degree too painful for her own felicity, but always with the most tender and generous sympathies for her friends. Yet united with this exquisite sensibility, she possessed a native cheerfulness of disposition, which not even the uncommon and agonizing pains she endured in the latter part of her life could deprive her of. In every short interval of abated suffering, she would in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening conversation, give pleasure to all around her. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion. A life, which it is not easy truly to describe, or faithfully to imitate.

Having been confined to her chamber some years before her death, she had long waited with christian

dignity for the awful hour of her departure. She often spoke, not merely with tranquillity, but joy, of her decease. When the interesting hour came, she welcomed its arrival, and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. She uttered not a murmuring word, but was all resignation, peace, and holy joy. She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her, and at length, the happy moment of her dismission arriving, she closed her eyes, and with these animating words on her dying lips, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Her excellent writings, by which though dead, she still speaketh, and which are the faithful counterpart of her amiable mind, exhibit to us the fairest picture of the original. The following lines are inscribed on her tomb :—

Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,
That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise ;
But now in heaven she joins the angelic song,
In more harmonious, more exalted lays.

I shall only add, that as Theodosia was placed by providence in a state of independence, and religiously devoted the profits arising from the sale of the former edition of her works, to the purposes of benevolence ; so the profits which may arise from this edition are appropriated by her surviving relatives, to the use of The Bristol Education Society. An institution worthy of such patronage, and which thinks itself honoured in receiving it.

CALEB EVANS.

Bristol, (England) May 12, 1780

ELEGIAC LINES.

THE insertion of the following lines may perhaps need some apology, as they are merely the effusions of a heart deeply penetrated with a sense of its own loss; written at different times, for its private relief, and contain nothing more concerning the dear deceased than has been already said in the preceding pages.—But it is the last, the only expression of gratitude and affection, that can ever be paid to her memory by one whom she fondly loved, and who in losing her, has lost one of her chief sources of happiness in this world; this thought alone has occasioned their publication, and it is hoped will be a sufficient excuse for it to every feeling mind.

O for a gush of soul-relieving tears
To ease my swelling heart!—Alas in vain
I look around for comfort! every place
Recals some circumstance that gives to grief
A keener edge!—The hour, the dreaded hour
My soul has shudder'd at so long, is come!
Ah! where is now that friend, to whom my heart
In every past distress was wont to fly,
While the dear sufferer, her own pains forgot,
Would gently sooth my passions into peace?
Where that maternal friend, whose watchful care,
Whose fond, assiduous tenderness sustain'd
My helpless childhood? whose instructive voice,
(Sweet as the song of seraphs) mildly taught

My heedless feet the sacred path of virtue ;
That sacred path of pleasantness and peace
She long had trod. And shall I never, never
Hear that lov'd voice—that venerable form
No more behold ?—Now on one single thread
Hangs all my desolated soul's support ;
That broken too, and every earthly hope
Sinks in eternal night.

But has the sorrowing heart no other refuge ?
Methinks I hear that lov'd, that well-known voice,
Even from the grave, direct my erring mind
Beyond death's dreary realms to fairer scenes.
Yes, 'tis her gentle language—" Seek a friend
That lives for ever."—Shall I not obey
Her last command, her dying admonition ?
(Compassionate Redeemer ! lead, O lead
My heart to thee, and teach it to repose
Its hope, its trust, its all on thee alone !)
O let me, with a miser's care, recall
And treasure up each dear instructive sentence !
Still let me dwell on her inspiring page,
And bathe it with the grateful tears of love !
'Tis all I now have left !—O had one ray
Of her ascended genius beam'd on me !
Then had this trembling hand, by grief unnerv'd,
Faithful to truth, to gratitude, pourtray'd
The lovely lineaments of her fair mind.
Vain wish !—a thousand sad ideas rise,
Daily and hourly rise, a thousand acts
Of tenderness too slightly felt before,
Rush o'er my soul with anguish ever new.
How shall I learn to live without her aid !
My dearest pleasures, my most lov'd employments
She taught me first to relish, first awak'd
The wish for knowledge—with her too expir'd !
Still, still to her indulgent eye was shewn

The artless lay, still her ethereal touch
Gave life and beauty to the languid line,
Its dearest meed her animating smile.
Now all is o'er—in vain that artless lay
Hath ventur'd into light, in vain I hop'd
To give her pleasure, that indulgent eye
Is clos'd for ever ! her complacent smile
Shall animate my drooping heart no more.
Nature, be calm—ye streaming tears, be dry !
Think of her bliss, and check this selfish sorrow.
Torture is chang'd to transport, faith to sight,
And hope absorb'd in full felicity.
Ah with what resignation, what composure
Have I beheld her suffer pains unknown !
Anguish unspeakable !—her faith, her patience
Still unsubdu'd ! unquench'd the vivid flame,
Of warm benevolence !—to others' woes,
In agony attentive,—anxious sti ll
For others' happiness,—how would she strive
(Her gentle hand all tremulous with pain)
To please or to instruct !—how have I hung
In silent sorrow o'er her painful couch,
And wept the impotence of mortal friendship !
While season after season, years on years,
Revolv'd in vain—revolv'd but to confute
The flattering dreams of hope, while added sufferings
But bound her closer to this bleeding bosom.
O the keen pangs of parting !—Still I feel
The gentle pressure of her clay-cold hand !
Still present to my heart, I hear her voice !
I see that smile by dawning heaven imprest
On her dear countenance ! when all serene,
She clos'd her willing eyes—to wake in heaven !
O could I, could I raise my languid thoughts
To that bright world of glory ! Could I view her
For ever reunited to that friend,

So lov'd, and so lamented! (the deep wound
The lenient hand of time could never heal.)
"Now parting pangs shall rend their hearts no more,"
For ever present with a smiling God!
For ever tuning the seraphic lyre!
There only sweeter than her notes below.
Ah whence this pause? My bleeding heart in vain
Attempts to soar, but sinks to earth and sorrow.
Dwells on the past, and sharpens every thought
With fruitless self-upbraidings.—O the chaos
Of wild distracted thought! forgive me, heaven!
Teach me, like her, to say, "Thy will be done!"
"If happy minds regard the scenes below,"
(Soothing idea!—By thyself inspir'd)
Dear spotless saint, O look with pity down
On her whom thy maternal care sustain'd,
And thy affection bless'd! and, though unseen,
Be thou my guardian-angel as while here!
And when I feel a wish for virtue rise,
I'll tell my heart my Theodosia prompts it.
O may thy precepts, thy example guide
My steps through life's dark maze! teach me, like thee,
With duteous love to cheer a father's life!
(A father, late thy all as well as mine;)
That one dear hope alone could prompt a wish
To linger in that world which thou hast left.
That one dear hope fulfill'd, O may my dust
Repose with thine, and (mercy hear the prayer!)
My deathless spirit freed, for ever freed
From all its sins and frailties, once again
Behold (ah not as when on earth oppress'd
With pungent pain) behold my Theodosia!
My Theodosia! let me, let me still
Repeat the much-lov'd name! Still must her image
Dwell in my heart while gratitude exists,
Cherish'd with life, and but with life expire.

CONTENTS.

HYMNS.

	Page.
DESIRING to praise God	25
Imploring divine influences	26
Meditating on creation and providence	27
Redeeming love	30
The great Physician	36
Longing souls invited to the gospel-feast	38
Light and deliverance	39
A morning hymn	41
An evening hymn	42
On a stormy night	44
Searching after happiness	45
Weary souls invited to rest	47
Thirsting after God	48
The favour of God the only satisfying good	49
The transforming vision of God	50
The joys of heaven	52
Humble worship	55
Praise for national peace	56
The voice of the creatures	57
A rural hymn	58
God my creator and benefactor	63

	Page.
Praise to God for the blessings of providence and grace	65
Christ the way to heaven	68
Life and safety in Christ alone	69
An evening reflection	70
The excellency of the holy scriptures	72
The influences of the spirit of God in the heart	74
Christ the physician of souls	76
The intercession of Christ	77
The condescension of God	78
The heavenly Guest	79
God the soul's only portion	80
Faith in the joys of heaven	82
Strength and safety in God alone	83
A funeral hymn	85
Sin the cause of sorrow	86
Intreating the presence of Christ in his churches	87
Desiring to trust in God	88
Watchfulness and prayer	89
Divine compassion	90
Desiring assurance of the favour of God	92
Hope encouraged in the contemplation of the divine perfections	93
The incarnate Saviour	94
Faith in God in a time of distress	95
Pardoning love	96
The goodness of God	97
True honour	98
Divine bounty	100
The heavenly Conqueror	101
Longing after unseen pleasures	103
The christian's prospect	104
Life a journey	105
True happiness to be found only in God	107
Lasting happiness	108
Bidding adieu to earthly pleasures	109

	Page.
Longing for immortality	110
At the funeral of a young person	111
Sin the sting of death	112
The presence of Christ the joy of his people	113
Absence from God	115
Desiring a taste of real joy	116
Humble reliance	117
The presence of God the life and light of the soul	119
Resigning the heart to God	120
The inconstant heart	121
Cold affections	122
Example of Christ	124
Retirement and reflection	125
Hope in darkness	127
Death and heaven	128
Redemption by Christ alone	130
The mysteries of providence	131
Refuge and strength in the mercy of God	132
Desiring resignation and thankfulness	134
Desiring the presence of God	136
Christ the life of the soul	137
Aspiring towards heaven	138
God my only happiness	140
Mourning the absence of God, and longing for his gracious presence	141
God the only refuge of the troubled mind	142
Complaining at the throne of grace	144
Submission to God under affliction	146
Trusting in divine veracity	147
Time flying, and death approaching	148
Victory over death through Christ	150
Christ the supreme beauty	152
The promised land	153
The heavenly shepherd	155
The christian's noblest resolution	156

Page.
The Saviour's invitation 157
Jesus the best beloved 158
Desiring to know and love him more 159
The glorious presence of Christ in heaven 160
The happiness of the saints above 161
Hymn to Jesus 163
Praise to the Redeemer 164
Desiring to love Christ without wandering 166
The exalted Saviour 167
The wonders of redemption 168
Communion with Christ at his table 169
Faith in a Redeemer's sufferings 170
A dying Saviour 171
Meditating on the Redeemer's sufferings 173
Sin the cause of Christ's death 174
Christ dying and rising 175

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

To Lysander 179
An evening meditation 181
Happiness 183
Pride and humility 184
Imitation of Mr. Pope's ode on solitude 186
On friendship 188
On the same 190
Ode to content 191
On reason 193
On reading Mr. Hervey's meditations 197
A simile 200
A meditation on death 201
To Delia 204
To Amira on her marriage 205
The pleasures of spring 206
On the sickness of a friend 207
The fettered mind 209

Page.
To a friend in trouble 211
The absent muse 213
The waste of time 214
The death-watch 215
The friend 216
On children's play 218
The path of life 220
To the votaries of pleasure 222
On the public fast, Feb. 6, 1756. 224
National judgments deprecated, on the fast, Feb. 11, 1757 226
On the same, pleading for mercy 227
National judgments and mercies a call to repentance, Nov. 1757 229
The invocation 230
To Florio 233
To Belinda 235
Resignation 236
An evening walk 238
The humble claim 240
The prospect 241
Desiring to bid adieu to the world 246
Occasioned by reading Mr. Gray's hymn to Adversity 248
To a friend, on the death of a child 250
To Delia pensive 251
Spring and autumn 252
To Vario 253
To Amira on her recovery 254
To the same, on the death of her child 255
The comforts of religion 256
The desire of knowledge a proof of immortality 258
1 Corinthians, xiii. paraphrased 259
To a friend, on the birth of a child 261
To the mother 262
The tulip and the violet 264
Captivity 265

	Page.
A reflection, occasioned by the death of a neighbour	267
On the death of Mr. Hervey	268
Ingratitude reproved	270
Submission to God under affliction, and desiring support	272
Pleasure	275
The pilgrim	276
Wrote in an ill state of health in the spring	278
Recovery from sickness	280
A rural meditation	282
Solitude	283
To Mr. Hervey, on his Theron and Aspasio	286
The picture ; to Marinda	287
Retirement and meditation	289
No true happiness below	292
True pleasure in divine meditation	293
The faithfulness of God	296
Love to Christ	297
Devotion	298
Encouragement to trust in God	300
The wish	301
Divine contemplation	302
Refuge in distress	304
Hope reviving in the contemplation of divine mercy	305
Eusebia and Urania, or devotion and the muse	309
Ambition	313
Christ the christian's life	314
The complaint and relief	316
A thought in sickness	321
A reflection on a winter evening	322
The elevation	324

HYMNS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMNS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

DESIRING TO PRAISE GOD.

I.

ALMIGHTY author of my frame,
To thee my vital pow'rs belong ;
Thy praise, (delightful, glorious theme !)
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

II.

My heart, my life, my tongue are thine :
Oh be thy praise their blest employ !
But may my song with angels join ?
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy ?

III.

Thy glories, the seraphic lyre
On all its strings attempts in vain ;
Then how shall mortals dare aspire
In thought, to try th' unequal strain ?

IV.

Yet the great Sov'reign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear ;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offer'd with a heart sincere.

V.

Great God, accept the humble praise,
And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful, though unworthy song.

IMPLORING DIVINE INFLUENCES.

I.

My God, whene'er my longing heart
Thy praiseful tribute would impart,
In vain my tongue with feeble aim,
Attempts the glories of thy name.

II.

In vain my boldest thoughts arise,
I sink to earth and lose the skies ;
Yet I may still thy grace implore,
And low in dust thy name adore.

III.

O let thy grace my heart inspire,
And raise each languid, weak desire ;
Thy grace, which condescends to meet
The sinner prostrate at thy feet.

IV.

With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise, my constant blest employ.

V.

Thy name inspires the harps above
With harmony, and praise, and love ;
That grace, which tunes th' immortal strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.

VI.

O let thy grace guide ev'ry song,
And fill my heart and tune my tongue ;
Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
And heav'n's sweet work begin below.

MEDITATING ON CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I.

LORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

II.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

III.

The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty pow'r declare.

IV.

All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhaustless spring of good !

V.

The meads, array'd in smiling green,
With wholesome herbage crown'd ;
The fields with corn, a richer scene,
Spread thy full bounties round.

VI.

The fruitful tree, the blooming flow'r,
In varied charms appear ;
Their varied charms display thy pow'r,
Thy goodness all declare.

VII.

The sun's productive quick'ning beams
The growing verdure spread ;
Refreshing rains and cooling streams
His gentle influence aid.

VIII.

The moon and stars his absent light
Supply with borrow'd rays,
And deck the sable veil of night,
And speak their Maker's praise.

IX.

Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear :
And O let man thy praise record ;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

X.

From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy pow'r maintains ;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

XI.

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possest ;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

XII.

Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

XIII.

On me that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays ;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness, and thy praise.

XIV.

All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

REDEEMING LOVE.

I.

Come, heav'nly love, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

II.

The Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

III.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

IV.

In our first parents' crime we fell ;
Our blood, our vital breath
Deep ting'd with all the seeds of ill,
Sad heirs to sin and death.

V.

Black o'er our wrath-devoted heads
Avenging justice frown'd ;
While hell disclos'd her deepest shades,
And horrors rose around.

VI.

Wrapp'd in the gloom of dark despair,
We helpless, hopeless lay :
But sov'reign mercy reach'd us there,
And smil'd despair away.

VII.

God's only son, (stupendous grace !)
Forsook his throne above ;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

VIII.

Th' almighty former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

IX.

The God in heav'nly strains they sung,
Array'd in human clay :
Mysterious love ! what angel tongue
Thy wonders can display ?

X.

Mysterious love, in ev'ry scene,
Through all his life appears :
His spotless life expos'd to pain,
And miseries and tears.

XI.

What blessings on a thankless race
His bounteous hand bestow'd !
And from his tongue what wond'rous grace,
What rich instruction flow'd !

XII.

The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind
Confess'd his healing pow'r ;
Disease and death their prey resign'd,
And grief complain'd no more.

XIII.

Infernal legions trembling fled,
Aw'd by his pow'rful word :
And winds and seas his voice obey'd,
And own'd their sov'reign Lord.

XIV.

But man, vile man, his love abus'd,
Blind to the noblest good ;
Blasphem'd his pow'r, his word refus'd,
And sought his sacred blood.

XV.

Still his unwearied love pursued
Salvation's glorious plan ;
And firm th' approaching horrors view'd,
Deserv'd by guilty man.

XVI.

What pain, what soul-oppressing pain,
The great Redeemer bore ;
While bloody sweat, like drops of rain,
Distill'd from ev'ry pore !

XVII.

And ere the dreadful storm descends
Full on his guiltless head,
See him by his familiar friends
Deserted and betray'd !

XVIII.

While ruffian bands the Lord surround,
Relentless, murd'rous foes ;
Meek, as a lamb for slaughter bound,
The patient suff'rer goes.

XIX.

Arraign'd at Pilate's impious bar,
(Unparallel'd disgrace !)
See spotless innocence appear
In guilt's detested place !

XX.

When perj'ry fails to stain his name,
The mob's envenom'd breath
Extorts his sentence, " Publick shame
And painful ling'ring death."

XXI.

Patient, the cruel scourge he bore :
The innocent, the kind !
Then to the rabble's lawless pow'r
And rudest taunts consign'd.

XXII.

With thorns they crown that awful brow,
Whose frown can shake the globe ;
And on their king in scorn bestow
The reed and purple robe.

XXIII.

Ah !—see, the fatal cross appears,
Heart-wounding, dreadful scene !
His sacred flesh rude iron tears,
With agonizing pain.

XXIV.

Expos'd with thieves, to publick view—
Could nature bear the sight ?
The blushing sun his beams withdrew,
And wrapt the globe in night !

XXV.

Then, Oh ! what loads of wrath unknown
The glorious suff'rer felt ;
For crimes unnumber'd to atone,
To expiate mortal guilt !

XXVI.

The Father's blissful smile withdrawn,
In that tremendous hour ;
Yet still the God sustain'd the man
With his almighty pow'r.

XXVII.

" 'Tis finish'd," now aloud he cries,
" No more the law requires :"
And now, (amazing sacrifice !)
The Lord of life expires.

XXVIII.

Earth's firm foundation felt the shock,
With universal dread ;
Trembled the mountain, rent the rock,
And wak'd the sleeping dead !

XXIX.

Now breathless in the silent tomb,
His sacred body lies :
Thither his lov'd disciples come,
With sorrow-streaming eyes.

XXX.

But see, the promis'd morn appear !
Their joy revives again ;
The Saviour lives : adieu to fear,
To ev'ry anxious pain.

XXXI.

His kindest words their doubts remove,
Confirm their wav'ring faith ;
He bids them teach the world his love,
Salvation by his death.

XXXII.

Triumphant he ascends on high,
The glorious work complete ;
Sin, death, and hell, low vanquish'd lie
Beneath his awful feet.

XXXIII.

There with eternal glory crown'd,
The Lord, the conqueror, reigns ;
His praise the heav'nly choirs resound,
In their immortal strains.

XXXIV.

Amid the splendors of his throne,
Unchanging love appears ;
The names he purchas'd for his own,
Still on his heart he bears.

XXXV.

Still with prevailing pow'r he pleads
Their cause for whom he died ;
His spirit's sacred influence sheds,
Their comforter and guide.

XXXVI.

For them, reserves a radiant crown,
Bought with his dying blood ;
And worlds of light, and joys unknown,
Forever near their God.

XXXVII.

O the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store :
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.

XXXVIII.

I yield, to thy dear conqu'ring arms
I yield my captive soul :
O let thy all-subduing charms
My inmost pow'rs controul !

XXXIX.

On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Luke vi. 19.

I.

Ye mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes ;
Approach, 'tis Jesus, he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.

II.

To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His word imparts a blissful ray :
Sweet morning of celestial day !

III.

Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise ;
New life and strength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.

IV.

Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie
Beneath the Great Physician's eye ;
Sin's deepest pow'r his word controuls,
That fatal leprosy of souls.

V.

That hand divine, which can assuage
The burning fever's restless rage ;
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.

VI.

When freezing palsy chills the veins,
And pale, cold death, already reigns,
He speaks ; the vital pow'rs revive :
He speaks, and dying sinners live.

VII.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
Diseases fly at thy command :
O let thy sov'reign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to ev'ry heart !

VIII.

Then shall the sick, the blind, the lame,
Adore their Great Physician's name ;
Then dying souls shall bless their God,
And spread thy wond'rous praise abroad.

LONGING SOULS INVITED TO THE GOSPEL-FEAST.

Luke xiv. 22.

I.

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.

II.

See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.

III.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart :
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

IV.

In him, the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

V.

O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

VI.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

VII.

And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

LIGHT AND DELIVERANCE.

I.

The weary trav'ller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

II.

Thus sweet the dawn of heav'nly day
Lost weary sinners find ;
When mercy with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

III.

To slaves oppress'd with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end!

IV.

Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine
Who ransoms captive souls,
Unbinds the cruel chains of sin,
And all its pow'r controuls.

V.

Jesus, to thy soul-cheering light,
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And lost in hopeless woe.

VI.

'Twas thy dear hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free;
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee!

VII.

But stronger ties than nature knows,
My grateful love confine;
And ev'n that love, thy hand bestows,
Which wishes to be thine.

VIII.

Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word:
O give me warmer love and zeal,
To serve my dearest Lord.

A MORNING HYMN.

I.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

II.

Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.

III.

While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains, and woes ;
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.

IV.

When sleep, death's 'semblance o'er me spread,
And I inconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

V.

O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

VI.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

AN EVENING HYMN.

I.

GREAT God, to thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise :
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

II.

Mercy, that rich unbounded store,
Does my unnumber'd wants relieve ;
Among thy daily, craving poor,
On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

III.

My days unclouded, as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.

IV.

Thy love and pow'r, (celestial guard)
Preserve me from surrounding harms :
Can danger reach me, while the Lord
Extends his kind protecting arms ?

V.

My num'rous wants are known to thee,
Ere my slow wishes can arise ;
Thy goodness measureless and free,
Is ready still with full supplies.

VI.

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And fond of trifles vainly rove.

VII.

When calm reflection finds a place,
How vile this wretched heart appears !
O let thy all-subduing grace
Melt it in penitential tears.

VIII.

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus : his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

IX.

Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

ON A STORMY NIGHT.

I.

LORD of the earth, and seas, and skies,
All nature owns thy sov'reign pow'r ;
At thy command the tempests rise,
At thy command the thunders roar.

II.

We hear, with trembling and affright,
The voice of heav'n, (tremendous sound !)
Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
And spread bright horrors all around.

III.

What mortal could sustain the stroke,
Should wrath divine in vengeful storms,
(Which our repeated crimes provoke,)
Descend to crush rebellious worms ?

IV.

These dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our souls ;
But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and rising fear controuls.

V.

O let thy mercy on my heart
With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
Bid ev'ry anxious fear depart,
And gently whisper, Thou art mine.

VI.

Then safe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope serene my soul shall rest ;
Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

SEARCHING AFTER HAPPINESS.

I.

O HAPPINESS, thou pleasing dream,
Where is thy substance found ?
Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.

II.

The charms of grandeur, pomp, and shew,
Are nought but gilded snares ;
Ambition's painful steep ascent,
Thick set with thorny cares.

III.

The busy town, the crouded street,
Where noise and discord reign,
We gladly leave, and tir'd, retreat
To breathe and think again.

IV.

Yet if retirement's pleasing charms
Detain the captive mind,
The soft enchantment soon dissolves ;
'Tis empty all as wind.

V.

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness forever shines
With unpolluted ray :

VI.

To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies,
Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys
In endless prospect rise.

VII.

There Jesus, source of bliss divine,
Our glorious leader reigns ;
He gives us strength to hold our way,
And crowns the traveller's pains.

VIII.

Dear Saviour, let thy cheering smile
My fainting soul renew ;
Then shall the heav'nly Canaan yield
A sweet, though distant view.

IX.

Be thy almighty arm my stay,
My guide through all the road,
Till safe I reach my journey's end,
My Saviour, and my God.

WEARY SOULS INVITED TO REST.

MAT. xi. 28.

I.

COME weary souls with sin distrest,
The Saviour offers heav'nly rest ;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

II.

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

III.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

IV.

Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

V.

Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

THIRSTING AFTER GOD.

Isaiah xli. 17.

I.

When fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream ;

II.

Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye
A crystal spring appear,
How would th' enliv'ning sweet supply
His drooping spirits cheer !

III.

So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

IV.

Thus sweet the consolations are,
The promises impart ;
Here flowing streams of life appear,
To ease the panting heart.

V.

O may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire ;
And still, through all this desart road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

VI.

Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

THE FAVOUR OF GOD THE ONLY SATISFYING GOOD.

PSALM iv. 6, 7.

I.

In vain the erring world inquires,
For true substantial good :
While earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.

II.

Illusive dreams of happiness,
Their eager thoughts employ ;
They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
Was visionary joy.

III.

Begone, ye gilded vanities ;
I seek some solid good ;
To real bliss my wishes rise,
The favour of my God.

IV.

My God, to thee my soul aspires ;
Dispel the shades of night,
Enlarge and fill these vast desires,
With infinite delight.

V.

Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray ;
One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
And turn my night to day.

VI.

Not all the good which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind ;
Its highest joys are mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

VII.

Should boundless wealth increase my store,—
Can wealth my cares beguile ?
I should be wretched still, and poor
Without thy blissful smile.

VIII.

Grant, O my God, this one request :
Oh, be thy love alone
My ample portion,—here I rest,
For heav'n is in the boon.

THE TRANSFORMING VISION OF GOD.

PSALM xvii. 15.

I.

My God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy,
To all the flatt'ring world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

II.

But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline,
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wand'ring heart of mine.

III.

Lord, guide this wand'ring heart to thee :
Unsatisfy'd I stray :
Break thro' the shades of sense and sin,
With thine enliv'ning ray.

IV.

O let thy beams resplendent shine,
And ev'ry cloud remove ;
Transform my pow'rs, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.

V.

There Jesus reigns ! may I be cloath'd
With his divine array ;
And when I close these eyes in death,
Awake to endless day :

VI.

To endless day ! to perfect life !
To bliss without alloy !
Where not the least faint cloud shall rise,
To intercept the joy :

VII.

To view, unveil'd, thy radiant face,
Thou everlasting fair !
And, chang'd to spotless purity,
Thy glorious likeness wear :

VIII.

To feast, with ever new delight,
On uncreated good ;
And drink full satisfying draughts
Of pleasure's sacred flood.

IX.

O bliss too high for mortal thought !
It awes, and yet inspires :
Fain would my soul, unfetter'd, rise
In more intense desires.

X.

Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys ;
Then shall I scorn each little snare,
Which this vain world employs :

XI.

Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
I shall awake to bliss,
And in the likeness of my God,
Find endless happiness.

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

I.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

II.

Then to the shining seats of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

III.

Pleasures, unsullied, flourish there,
Beyond the reach of time :
Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair,
In all her flow'ry prime.

IV.

No sun shall gild the blest abode
With his meridian ray,
But the more radiant throne of God
Diffuse eternal day.

V.

Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease,
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

VI.

The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;
But cloath'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

VII.

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright !)
Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

VIII.

There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

IX.

While sweet reflection calls to mind
The scenes of mortal care,
When God, their God, for ever kind,
Was present to their pray'r ;

X.

How will the wonders of his grace
In their full lustre shine ?
His wisdom, pow'r, and faithfulness,
All glorious ! all divine !

XI.

The Saviour, dying, rising, crown'd,
Shall swell the lofty strains,
Seraph and saint his praise resound,
Through all th' etherial plains.

XII.

But oh ! their transports, oh ! their songs,
What mortal thought can paint ?
Transcendent glory awes our tongues,
And all our notes are faint.

XIII.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heav'nly choir.

HUMBLE WORSHIP.

I.

GREAT King of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise ?

II.

The brightest Seraph veils his face ;
And low before thy dazzling throne,
With prostrate homage all confess
Thou art the infinite unknown.

III.

Man, ah how far remov'd below,
Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night :
His brightest day can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.

IV.

But see, the bright, the morning-star !
His beams shall chase the shades away ;
His beams, resplendent from afar,
Sweet promise of immortal day !

V.

To him, our longing eyes we raise,
Our guide to thee, the great unknown,
Through him, O may our humble praise
Accepted rise before thy throne.

PRAISE FOR NATIONAL PEACE.

PSALM xlvi. 9.

I.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

II.

When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain;

III.

Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

IV.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

V.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

VI.

To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore :
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore.

THE VOICE OF THE CREATURES.

I.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies :
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise :

II.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

III.

Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around,
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

IV.

Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display ;
And bless the hand which made them shine
With various charms profusely gay.

V.

For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows ;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding, gently flows.

VI.

By cooling streams, and soft'ning show'rs,
The vegetable race are fed,
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flow'rs,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

VII.

The flow'ry tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the faint attempts of art :
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

VIII.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

A RURAL HYMN.

I.

To your creator God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise :

Let ev'ry voice
Proclaim his pow'r,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.

II.

Let all creation join
To pay the tribute due ;
Ye meaner ranks begin,
And man shall learn of you :
Let nature raise
From ev'ry tongue,
A gen'ral song
Of grateful praise.

III.

Ye num'rous fleecy flocks,
Far spreading o'er the plain,
With gentle artless voice,
Assist the humble strain :
To give you food,
He bids the field
Its verdure yield ;
Extensive good.

IV.

Ye herds of larger size,
Who feed in meads below,
Resound your Maker's praise
In each responsive low :
You wait his hand ;
The herbage grows,
The riv'let flows,
At his command.

V.

Ye feather'd warblers come,
And bring your sweetest lays,
And tune the sprightly song
To your Creator's praise :
His work you are ;
He tun'd your voice,
And you rejoice
Beneath his care.

VI.

Ye trees, which form the shade,
Or bend the loaded bough
With fruits of various kinds,
Your Maker's bounty shew :
From him you rose,
Your vernal suits,
And autumn fruits,
His hand bestows.

VII.

Ye lovely, verdant fields,
In all your green array,
Though silent, speak his praise,
Who makes you bright and gay :
While we in you,
With future bread
Profusely spread,
His goodness view.

VIII.

Ye flow'rs, which blooming shew
A thousand beauteous dyes,
Your sweetest odours breathe,
A fragrant sacrifice,
To him, whose word
Gave all your bloom,
And sweet perfume ;
All-bounteous Lord !

IX.

Ye rivers, as you flow,
Convey your Maker's name,
(Where'er you winding rove)
On ev'ry silver stream :
Your cooling flood,
His hand ordains
To bless the plains ;
Great spring of good !

X.

Ye winds, that shake the world
With tempests on your wing,
Or breathe in gentler gales,
To waft the smiling spring ;
Proclaim abroad,
(As you fulfil
His sov'reign will)
The pow'rful God.

XI.

Ye clouds, or fraught with show'rs,
Or ting'd with beauteous dyes,

That pour your blessings down,
Or charm our gazing eyes ;
His goodness speak,
His praise declare,
As through the air
You shine or break.

XII.

Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray ;
From morn to night,
With ev'ry beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.

XIII.

Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in shining hosts,
To gild the azure plain ;
With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.

XIV.

Let ev'ry creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various pow'rs
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise
From ev'ry tongue,

A gen'ral song
Of grateful praise.

XV.

But oh ! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And ev'ry thankful heart,
With warm devotion glow :
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest
Above the rest ;
Declare his praise.

XVI.

Assist me, gracious God,
My heart, my voice inspire ;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir :
Thy grace can raise
My heart, my tongue,
And tune my song
To lively praise.

GOD MY CREATOR AND BENEFACTOR.

I.

My Maker, and my King,
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

II.

Thou ever good, and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

III.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

IV.

Oh ! what can I impart,
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas, how poor !

V.

Shall I withhold thy due ?
And shall my passions rove ?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

VI.

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR THE BLESSINGS OF PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

I.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies, let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

II.

In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.

III.

When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

IV.

Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No pow'r could guard me from my foes
But my preserver, God.

V.

When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy almighty love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bad my fears remove.

VI.

How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye !
How many pass'd almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by.

VII.

Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store :
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

VIII.

While sweet reflection, through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

IX.

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine ;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

X.

'Tis here, I view with pleasing pain,
How Jesus left the sky,
(Almighty love ! surprizing scene !)
For man, lost man, to die.

XI.

When blest with that transporting view,
That Jesus died for me,
For this sweet hope what praise is due,
O God of grace, to thee !

XII.

And may I hope that Christ is mine ?
That source of ev'ry bliss,
That noblest gift of love divine—
What wond'rous grace is this !

XIII.

My highest praise, alas, how poor !
How cold my warmest love !
Dear Saviour, teach me to adore
As angels do above.

XIV.

But frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song ;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain,
Claims an immortal tongue.

XV.

Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And ev'ry weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

XVI.

Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

CHRIST THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

I.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all my hopes and comforts flow ;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save me from eternal woe.

II.

In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

III.

No other name will heav'n approve ;
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
To the bright realms of endless day.

IV.

Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart ;
O let thy spirit, gracious guide,
Direct my steps, and cheer my heart.

V.

Safe lead me through this world of night,
And bring me to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

LIFE AND SAFETY IN CHRIST ALONE.

JOHN vi. 68.

I.

THOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend,—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

II.

Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

III.

Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

IV.

Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

V.

Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care :
Depart from thee—'tis death,—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

VI.

Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

AN EVENING REFLECTION.

I.

ANOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled,
And time is bearing me in haste,
To mingle with the dead.

II.

Perhaps my closing eyes
No more may hail the light,
Seal'd up, before the morning rise,
In everlasting night.

III.

But I've a part to live,
A never dying ray,
The soul, immortal, will survive
The ruins of her clay.

IV.

This mortal frame must lie
Unconscious in the tomb,
But oh ! where will my spirit fly,
And what will be her doom ?

V.

On the tremendous brink
Of vast eternity,
Where souls with strange amazement shrink,
What will my prospect be ?

VI.

When the dark gulph below,
With death and horror fraught,
Reveals its scenes of endless woe—
Oh dreadful, dreadful thought !

VII.

But lo ! yon shining skies
Beam down a cheerful ray,
And bid my drooping hopes arise
To glorious realms of day.

VIII.

'Tis there my Saviour lives,
My Lord, my life, my light ;
His blissful name my soul revives—
Adieu to death and night.

IX.

He conquer'd death and hell,
And his victorious love
Shall bear his ransom'd friends, to dwell
In his bright courts above.

X.

Jesus ! and art thou mine ?
O let thy heav'nly voice
Confirm my hope with pow'r divine,
And bid my soul rejoice.

XI.

Then shall my closing eyes,
Contented, sink to rest ;
For if to night this body dies,
My spirit shall be blest.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines ;
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

II.

Here, mines of heav'nly wealth disclose
Their bright, unbounded store :
The glitt'ring gem no longer glows,
And India boasts no more.

III.

Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find :
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

IV.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

V.

Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light, and food receive ;
Here, shall the meanest guest have room,
And taste, and see, and live.

VI.

Amidst these gloomy wilds below,
When dark and sad we stray ;
Here, beams of heav'n relieve our woe,
And guide to endless day.

VII.

Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

VIII.

When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart,
Here, sinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging smart.

IX.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

X.

But when his painful suff'rings rise,
(Delightful, dreadful scene !)
Angels may read with wond'ring eyes,
That Jesus died for men.

XI.

O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

XII.

Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN THE HEART.

John xiv. 16, 17.

I.

Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine ?
Unworthy dwelling ! glorious guest !
Favour astonishing, divine !

II.

When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life, and light ?

III.

Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

IV.

When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears controul,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice ?

V.

Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires ?

VI.

What less than thy almighty word,
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?

VII.

And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?

VIII.

Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

CHRIST THE PHYSICIAN OF SOULS.

JEREM. viii. 22.

I.

DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

II.

Sin like a raging fever reigns,
With fatal strength in ev'ry part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

III.

And can no sov'reign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?

IV.

There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heav'nly smiles, appear
Such ease as nature cannot give !

V.

See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

VI.

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sov'reign cure is found ;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for ev'ry painful wound.

THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

HEB. vii. 25.

I.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives !)
And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

II.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

III.

Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

IV.

In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r ;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

V.

Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

1 KINGS viii. 27.

I.

ETERNAL pow'r, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne ?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

II.

Before the radiance of thine eye
The heav'ns no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

III.

Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe ?

IV.

But oh ! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace
To dwell with mortals here !

V.

How strange ! how awful is thy love !
With trembling we adore :
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

VI.

While golden harps, and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and mean thy praise.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

Rev. iii. 20.

I.

And will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms ?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms ?

II.

Surprizing grace !—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain ?
Has this hard rock no tender part ?
Must mercy plead in vain ?

III.

Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard ?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd ?

IV.

'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r
The lodging has possest ;
And crouds of traitors bar the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

V.

Lord, rise in thy all-conqu'ring grace,
Thy mighty pow'r display ;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

VI.

Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart ;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry sin.

GOD THE SOUL'S ONLY PORTION.

LAM. iii. 24.

I.

In vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile :
Deluding world ! its brightest day,
Dream of a moment, fleets away !

II.

Earth's highest pleasures, could they last,
Would pall and languish on the taste ;
Such airy chaff was ne'er design'd
To feed th' immortal, craving mind.

III.

To nobler bliss my soul aspires,
Come, Lord, and fill these vast desires ;
Be thou my portion, here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possest.

IV.

O let thy sacred word impart
Its sealing influence to my heart ;
With pow'r, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.

V.

The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
And heav'n-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.

VI.

Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies ;
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more :

VII.

O may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell forever near thy throne
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

FAITH IN THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

2 Cor. v. 7.

I.

Faith leads to joys beyond the sky ;
Why then is this weak mind
Afraid to raise a cheerful eye
To more than sense can find ?

II.

Sense can but furnish scenes of woe,
In this low vale of tears ;
No groves of heav'nly pleasures grow,
No paradise appears.

III.

Ah ! why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain ?
Delight on earth expect to find,
Yet still expect in vain ?

IV.

Faith, rising upward, points her view
To regions in the skies ;
There lovelier scenes than Eden knew,
In bright perspective rise.

V.

Oh ! if this heav'n-born grace were mine,
Would not my spirit soar,
Transported gaze on joys divine,
And cleave to earth no more ?

VI.

If in my heart true faith appears,
How weak the sacred ray !
Feebly aspiring, prest with fears,
Almost it dies away.

VII.

O thou, from whose almighty breath
It first began to rise,
Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,
And bid it reach the skies.

VIII.

Let this weak, erring mind no more,
On earth bewilder'd rove,
But with celestial ardour soar
To endless joys above.

STRENGTH AND SAFETY IN GOD ALONE.

PSALM CV. 4.

I.

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call,
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

II.

All I can wish is thine to give ;
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heav'n above.

III.

In these dark scenes of pain and woe,
What can my spirit find ?
No happiness can dwell below,
To fill th' immortal mind.

IV.

To heav'n my restless heart aspires :
O for a quick'ning ray,
T' invigorate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

V.

The path to thy divine abode,
Through a wild desart lies ;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

VI.

Satan and sin unite their art,
To keep me from my Lord :
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

VII.

Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
For safety must be there.

VIII.

My guardian, my almighty friend,
On thee, my soul would rest ;
On thee alone, my hopes depend,
Be near, and I am blest.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

II.

But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.

III.

Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray,
And guides us from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.

IV.

Jesus, who left his blest abode,
(Amazing grace!) to die,
Mark'd, when he rose, the shining road
To his bright courts on high.

V.

To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our absent happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.

VI.

Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies,
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

SIN THE CAUSE OF SORROW.

I.

The pains that wait our fleeting breath,
Too oft my mournful thoughts employ ;
Amid the gloomy shades of death,
The hope of heav'n is life, is joy.

II.

But ah ! how soon the blissful ray
With guilt o'ershaded, disappears :
'Tis sin alone, that clouds my day,
'Tis sin alone, deserves my tears.

III.

Yes, I have cause indeed to mourn,
When God conceals his radiant face ;
And pray and long till he return,
With smiles of sweet forgiving grace.

IV.

Then weep my eyes, complain my heart,
But mourn not, hopeless of relief ;
For sov'reign mercy will impart
Its healing beams, to ease my grief.

V.

The Saviour pleads his dying blood,
Awake my hope, away my fears ;
Through him I'll seek my absent God,
Till his returning smile appears.

INTREATING THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN HIS CHURCHES.

HAG. xi. 7.

I.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints
Low at thy feet we bend.

II.

When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear !
What rich unbounded grace !

III.

How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !

IV.

But ah ! the song, how cold it flows !
How languid our desire !
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire !

V.

Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heav'n on earth appear.

VII.

Then shall our hearts enraptur'd say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

DESIRING TO TRUST IN GOD.

Isai. xxvi. 4.

I.

Great source of boundless pow'r and grace,
Attend my mournful cry ;
In the dark hour of deep distress,
To thee, to thee I fly.

II.

Thou art my strength, my life, my stay,
Assist my feeble trust ;
Drive these distressing fears away,
And raise me from the dust.

III.

O let me call thy grace to mind,
And trust thy glorious name ;
Jehovah, pow'rful, wise, and kind,
Forever is the same.

IV.

Here let me rest, on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all ;
Be thou my everlasting friend,
And I can never fall.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

MATTH. xxvi. 41.

I.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heav'n O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

II.

How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears ?

III.

O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Tho' trembling and afraid.

IV.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

V.

Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

VI.

O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

Isai. xlix. 14, 15, 16.

I.

The Lord forgets his wonted grace,
Afflicted Zion said ;
My God withdraws his smiling face,
Withdraws his heav'nly aid.

II.

Shall the kind mother's gentle breast
No soft emotions share ;
But, ev'ry tender thought suppress,
Forget her infant care ?

III.

The helpless child, that oft her eyes
Have watch'd with anxious thought,
While her fond breast appeas'd his cries—
And can he be forgot?

IV.

Strange as it is, yet this may be,
For creature-love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

V.

No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
And never shall remove.

VI.

Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And ev'ry groan, and ev'ry sigh
Divine compassion hears.

VII.

These anxious doubts indulge no more,
Be ev'ry fear supprest;
Unchanging truth, and love, and pow'r,
Command thy cares to rest.

DESIRING ASSURANCE OF THE FAVOUR OF GOD.

I.

ETERNAL source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires ;
O could I say " The Lord is mine !"
'Tis all my soul desires.

II.

Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd,
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.

III.

Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy trouble cease,
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And sweeten pain to peace.

IV.

My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love ;
O speak the kind transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

V.

Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heav'nly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

HOPE ENCOURAGED IN THE CONTEMPLATION OF THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

I.

Why sinks my weak desponding mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe, if God is nigh ?

II.

He holds all nature in his hand :
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

III.

'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline ;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread ! how bright they shine !

IV.

Infinite wisdom ! boundless pow'r !
Unchanging faithfulness and love !
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from thy refuge e'er remove.

V.

My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave ;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

VI.

Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine,—and I am blest.

THE INCARNATE SAVIOUR.

JOHN i. 14.

I.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord :
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

II.

That awful Word, that sov'reign pow'r,
By whom the worlds were made ;
(O happy morn ! illustrious hour !)
Was once in flesh array'd ;

III.

Then shone almighty pow'r and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

IV.

To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies ;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

V.

Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day :
With rapture then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

VI.

What glory, Lord, to thee is due ?
With wonder we adore ;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

FAITH IN GOD IN TIME OF DISTRESS.

HAB. iii. 17, 18.

I.

SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the foodful grain.

II.

Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
Around their famish'd master die ;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply :

III.

Amid the dark, and deathful scene,
If I can say, The Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

IV.

The God of my salvation lives
My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

V.

Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though ev'ry earthly comfort die ;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

VI.

O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine !
The barren desart shall rejoice,
'Tis paradise, if thou art mine.

PARDONING LOVE.

Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.

I.

How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

II.

Yet sov'reign mercy calls, Return :
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
Oh take the wand'rer home.

III.

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
  And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
  To speak thy wond'rous love ?

IV.

Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r
  How glorious, how divine !
That can to bliss and life restore
  So vile a heart as mine.

V.

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
  Dear Saviour, I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
  And let me rove no more.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

NAHUM i. 7.

I.

YE humble souls, approach your God
  With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
  And kind are all his ways.

II.

All nature owns his guardian care,
  In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
  The wonders of his love.

III.

He gave his son, his only son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its divinest forms.

IV.

To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

V.

Thy eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

VI.

Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

TRUE HONOUR.

DAN. xii. 3.

I.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

II.

There shall the fav'rites of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprizing honour ! vast reward
Conferr'd on man, by love divine !

III.

How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road !
Happy the men, whom heav'n employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God !

IV.

To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus wrought, and God approves.

V.

The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change, nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright !

VI.

No fancy'd joy beyond the sky,
No fair delusion is reveal'd ;
'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfill'd.

VII.

And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view ?
Come, Lord, awake our active pow'rs,
Our feeble, dying strength renew.

VIII.

On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

DIVINE BOUNTY.

Col. i. 19.

I.

Lord, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved son.

II.

O wond'rous gift of love divine,
Dear source of ev'ry good !
Jesus, in thee what glories shine !
How rich thy flowing blood !

III.

Come all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste ;
Behold a never-failing store,
For ev'ry willing guest.

IV.

Here shall your num'rous wants receive
A free, a full supply :
He has unmeasur'd bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

V.

Can those, who hear the Saviour's voice,
Prefer earth's empty toys,
(Ah, wretched souls ! ah, fatal choice !)
To everlasting joys ?

VI.

Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee,
With sweet resistless pow'r ;
Thy boundless grace, let rebels see,
And at thy feet adore.

THE HEAVENLY CONQUEROR.

Rev. iii. 21.

I.

To Jesus, our victorious Lord,
The praises of our lives belong ;
Forever be his name ador'd :
Sweet theme of ev'ry thankful song.

II.

Lost in despair, beset with foes,
Undone, and perishing we lay ;
His pity melted o'er our woes,
And sav'd the trembling, dying prey.

III.

He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,
While with his last expiring breath,
He triumph'd o'er the pow'rs of hell,
And by his dying vanquish'd death.

IV.

Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
And all the tuneful choir above
Resound in high immortal strains,
The praises of victorious love.

V.

Though still reviving foes arise,
Temptation, sin, and doubts appear,
And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes
With many a groan, and many a tear:

VI.

Still shall we fight, and still prevail,
In our almighty leader's name;
His strength, whene'er our spirits fail,
Shall all our active pow'rs inflame.

VII.

Immortal honours wait above,
To crown the dying conqu'ror's brow;
And endless peace, and joy, and love,
For the short war sustain'd below.

VIII.

Exalted near their Saviour's seat,
His saints shall dwell, their dangers o'er,
And cast their crowns beneath his feet,
And love, and wonder, and adore.

LONGING AFTER UNSEEN PLEASURES.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

I.

How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes ;
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies ?

II.

These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight ;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

III.

Their brightest day, alas, how vain !
With conscious sighs we own ;
While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

IV.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades.

V.

There joys unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

VI.

Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

VII.

Then shall on faith's sublimest wing
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECT.

I.

HAPPY the soul, whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies !
He looks on all the joys of time,
With undesiring eyes.

II.

In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain ;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.

III.

He knows that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay ;
And sees on time's extended wings,
How swift they fleet away !

IV.

Nor low to earth in sorrow bends,
When pains and cares invade ;
With cheerful wing his faith ascends
Above the gloomy shade.

V.

To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view, his prospects rise,
All permanent and bright.

VI.

His hopes are fix'd on joys to come ;
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

VII.

O were these heavenly prospects mine,
These pleasures could I prove,
Earth's fleeting views I would resign,
And raise my hopes above.

LIFE A JOURNEY.

I.

LIFE is a journey, heav'n my home,
And shall I negligently stray ?
In paths of danger heedless roam,
Forget my guide, forget my way ?

II.

Think, O my soul, each flying hour
Thy folly chides, thy speed alarms ;
And shall an insect, or a flow'r
Amuse thee with their painted charms?

III.

Such are the objects earth displays,
To tempt my stay, and gain my heart !
And shall I fondly, vainly gaze !
Ye shining trifles, hence depart.

IV.

O think what glorious scenes above,
In bright unbounded prospect rise !
Nor let one vagrant passion rove,
Nor leave a wish below the skies.

V.

But ah ! how weak my best desires,
My warmest ardours soon decay ;
My fainting soul, till grace inspires,
Can ne'er pursue the heav'nly way.

VI.

On thee I lean, all-gracious God,
O breathe new life through all my pow'rs,
Teach me to keep thy sacred road,
And well improve my remnant hours.

TRUE HAPPINESS TO BE FOUND ONLY IN GOD.

I.

When fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd,
Amid the unbounded scene of things
Which entertain the mind :

II.

In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.

III.

In vain would this low world employ
Each flatt'ring, specious wile ;
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.

IV.

Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

V.

Great spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend,
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?

VI.

Thy favour, Lord, is all I want,
Here would my spirit rest ;
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

LASTING HAPPINESS.

I.

In vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind ;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.

II.

Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours with rapid flight
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight ?

III.

Arise my thoughts, my heart arise,
Leave this low world, and seek the skies ;
There joys forever, ever last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.

IV.

Come, Lord, thy pow'rful grace impart,
Thy grace can raise my wand'ring heart
To pleasure perfect and sublime,
Unmeasur'd by the wings of time.

V.

Let those bright worlds of endless joy
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ,
No more, ye restless passions, roam,
God is my bliss, and heav'n my home.

BIDDING ADIEU TO EARTHLY PLEASURES.

I.

Ye gay deceivers of the mind,
Ye dreams of happiness, adieu ;
No more your soft enchantments bind,
This heart was never made for you.

II.

The brightest joy your smile can boast,
Is but a moment's glitt'ring light ;
It sparkles now, and now 'tis lost,
Extinguish'd in the shades of night.

III.

Begone, with all your soothing charms ;
Pleasure on earth !—O empty name !
Superior joy my bosom warms,
And heav'n approves the sacred flame.

IV.

To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
That shines with never-fading ray ;
No less can satiate my desires,
Than full delight, and endless day.

V.

Blest be the kind, the gracious pow'r,
That gently call'd and bade me rise ;
And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
To happiness beyond the skies.

LONGING FOR IMMORTALITY.

2 Cor. v. 4.

I.

Sad pris'ners in a house of clay,
With sins, and griefs, and pains opprest,
We groan the ling'ring hours away,
And wish, and long to be releas'd.

II.

Nor is it liberty alone,
Which prompts our restless ardent sighs ;
For immortality we groan,
For robes and mansions in the skies.

III.

Eternal mansions ! bright array !
O blest exchange ! transporting thought !
Free from th' approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot !

IV.

There shall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boast,
Forgotten all its dreadful pow'r,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

V.

Bright world of bliss! O could I see
One shining glimpse, one cheerful ray
(Fair dawn of immortality!)
Break through these tott'ring walls of clay.

VI.

Jesus, in thy dear name I trust,
My light, my life, my Saviour God;
When this frail house dissolves in dust,
O raise me to thy bright abode.

AT THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG PERSON.

I.

When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

II.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful pow'r—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

III.

Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us sieze the present hour,
To-morrow, death may come.

IV.

The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey,
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

V.

O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

VI.

Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprizing hour.

SIN THE STING OF DEATH.

I.

DEATH! 'tis a name with terror fraught;
It rends the guilty heart,
When conscience wakes remorseful thought,
With agonizing smart.

II.

'Tis guilt alone provokes that frown
Which all the soul alarms;
Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
And conquest to his arms!

III.

Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
Can all his force control,
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.

IV.

Victorious love! thy wond'rous pow'r
From sin and death can raise;
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.

V.

Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the skies,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror dies.

VI.

No more, O pale destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway;
To heav'n-born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night, the gates of day.

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST THE JOY OF HIS PEOPLE.

I.

The wond'ring nations have beheld
The sacred prophesy fulfill'd,
And angels hail'd the glorious morn
That saw the great Messiah born:

II.

The prince ! the Saviour ! long desir'd,
Whom prophets taught, by heav'n inspir'd,
And shew'd far off the blissful day ;
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

III.

Oft in the temples of his grace
His saints behold his smiling face,
And oft have seen his glory shine,
With pow'r and majesty divine :

IV.

But soon, alas ! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return ;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

V.

Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die ;
Return, and let thy glories rise,
Again to our admiring eyes :

VI.

Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heav'n and earth resound thy praise.

ABSENCE FROM GOD.

I.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :

II.

See ! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, Return ?

III.

And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

IV.

Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

V.

O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

VI.

Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my solace, here below,
And my eternal joy.

DESIRING A TASTE OF REAL JOY.

I.

Why should my spirit cleave to earth,
This nest of worms, this vile abode ?
Why thus forget her nobler birth,
Nor wish to trace the heav'nly road ?

II.

How barren of sincere delight
Are all the fairest scenes below !
Though beauteous colours charm the sight,
They only varnish real woe.

III.

Were I to mount the flying wind,
And search the wide creation round,
There's nothing here to suit the mind ;
On earth no solid joy is found.

IV.

Oh ! could my weary spirit rise,
And, panting with intense desire,
Reach the bright mansions in the skies,
And mix among the blissful choir :

V.

How should I look, with pitying eye,
On this low world of gloomy care,
And wonder, how my soul could lie
Wrapp'd up in shades and darkness there!

VI.

Say, happy natives of the sky,
What is it makes your heav'n above?
You dwell beneath your father's eye,
And feast forever on his love.

VII.

My God, thy presence can impart
A glimpse of heav'n to earth and night;
O smile, and bless my mournful heart,
Sweet foretaste of sincere delight.

VIII.

Then shall my soul contented stay
Till my Redeemer calls me home:
Yet let me oft with transport say,
"Come, O my Lord, my Saviour, come."

HUMBLE RELIANCE.

I.

My God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call thee mine,
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

II.

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

III.

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

IV.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

V.

If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

VI.

If cares and sorrows me surround,
Their pow'r why should I fear?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.

VII.

Thy sov'reign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

VIII.

My God, my Father, be thy name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF THE SOUL.

I.

My God, my hope, if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow pine?
On thee alone I cast my care;
O leave me not in dark despair.

II.

Though ev'ry comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart;
One smile from thee, one blissful ray,
Can chase the shades of death away.

III.

My God, my life, if thou appear,
Not death itself can make me fear;
Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

IV.

Not all its horrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God, my light;
Thy love shall all my fears control,
And glory dawn around my soul.

V.

Should all created blessings fade,
And mourning nature, disarray'd,
Deplore her ev'ry charm withdrawn,
Light, hope, and joy, forever gone ;

VI.

Though nought remain below the sky,
To please my taste, my ear, my eye,
Be thou my hope, my life, my light,
Amid the universal night.

VII.

My God, be thou forever nigh ;
Beneath the radiance of thine eye,
My hope, my joy, shall ever rise,
Nor terminate below the skies.

RESIGNING THE HEART TO GOD.

PSALM cxix. 94.

I.

THEE, dearest Lord, my soul adores,
I would be thine, and only thine ;
To thee, my heart and all its pow'rs,
With full consent, I would resign.

II.

But, ah ! this weak inconstant mind,
How frail, how apt from thee to stray !
Trifles, as empty as the wind,
Can tempt my roving thoughts away.

III.

Sure I am thine—or why this load
When earthly vanities beguile ?
Why do I mourn my absent God,
And languish for thy cheering smile ?

IV.

If thou return, how sweet the joy,
Though mix'd with penitential smart !
Then I despise each tempting toy,
And long to give thee all my heart.

V.

Come, Lord, thy saving pow'r display,
(Resistless pow'r of love divine !)
And drive thy hated foes away,
And make me thine, and only thine.

THE INCONSTANT HEART.

I.

Ah ! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart,
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love !

II.

In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away ;
In vain, alas ! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wandering mind.

III.

Through all resolves, how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties!
There's nought beneath a pow'r divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

IV.

Jesus, to thee I would return,
At thy dear feet repentant mourn;
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

V.

O let thy love with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul,
Bid ev'ry vanity depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

COLD AFFECTIONS.

I.

Sure I must love the Saviour's name—
Or is the heav'n-born passion dead,
Extinguish'd the celestial flame,
And all my joys forever fled?

II.

At the sweet mention of his love,
How should the sacred ardour rise!
And ev'ry thought, transported, move
In grateful joy, and glad surprize!

III.

Jesus demands this heart of mine,
Demands my wish, my joy, my care ;
But ah ! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are !

IV.

What death-like lethargy detains
My captive pow'rs with fatal art,
And spreads its unrelenting chains
Heavy and cold, around my heart !

V.

'Tis sin, alas ! with dreadful pow'r
Divides my Saviour from my sight ;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight !

VI.

See, dearest Lord, my wretched state,
And thy almighty pow'r employ ;
To thee I seek, on thee I wait,
For life, and liberty, and joy.

VI.

O let thy love shine forth, and raise
My captive pow'rs from sin and death ;
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

VIII.

Then bear me to the blissful seats
Of perfect freedom, life, and light,
Where thy redeem'd assembly meets,
To love and praise with full delight.

IX.

There shall my thoughts transported trace,
And all my soul forever prove,
The boundless riches of thy grace,
The endless wonders of thy love.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

I.

And is the gospel, peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

II.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!

III.

O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

IV.

To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

V.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love ;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

VI.

But ah, how blind ! how weak we are !
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy spirit for our guide.

VII.

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

RETIREMENT AND REFLECTION.

I.

HENCE, vain, intruding world, depart,
No more allure nor vex my heart ;
Let ev'ry vanity begone,
I would be peaceful and alone.

II.

Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find,
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.

III.

Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend,
What aim my busy thoughts pursue,
What work is done, and what to do.

IV.

Eternity is just at hand ;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?

V.

Eternity, tremendous sound !
To guilty souls, a dreadful wound !
But, oh ! if Christ and heav'n be mine,
How sweet the accents ! how divine !

VI.

Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r,
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

VII.

But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain !
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.

VIII.

Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

I.

God is my sun, his blissful rays
Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful, are my days,
If his enlivening beams depart!

II.

Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?

III.

O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

IV.

Hope, in the absence of my Lord,
Shall be my taper; sacred light,
Kindled at his celestial word,
To cheer the melancholy night!

V.

O for the bright the joyful day,
When hope shall in assurance die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray,
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

DEATH AND HEAVEN.

I.

Oft have I said, with inward sighs,
I find no solid good below ;
Earth's fairest scenes but cheat my eyes,
Her pleasure is but painted woe.

II.

Then why, my soul, so loth to leave
These seats of vanity and care ?
Why do I thus to trifles cleave,
And feed on chaff, and grasp the air ?

III.

There is a world all fair and bright ;
But clouds and darkness dwell between,
The sable veil obstructs my sight,
And hides the lovely, distant scene.

IV.

Whene'er I look with frighted eyes
On death's impenetrable shade,
Alas ! what gloomy horrors rise,
And all my trembling frame invade !

V.

O death, frail nature's dreaded foe,
Thy frown with terror fills my heart ;
How shall I bear the fatal blow,
Which must my soul and body part ?

VI.

'Tis sin which arms his dreadful frown,
This only points his deadly sting;
My sins which throw this gloom around,
And all these shocking terrors bring.

VII.

O could I know my sins forgiv'n,
Soon would these terrors disappear;
Then should I see a glimpse of heav'n,
And look on death without a fear.

VIII.

Jesus, my Saviour, and my God,
To thee my trembling spirit flies;
Thy merits, thy atoning blood,
On this alone my soul relies.

IX.

O let thy love's all-pow'rful ray
With pleasing force, divine control,
Arise, and chase these clouds away,
And shine around my doubting soul.

X.

Then shall I change the mournful strain,
And bid my thoughts and hopes arise,
Above these gloomy seats of pain,
To glorious worlds beyond the skies.

XI.

With cheerful heart I then shall sing,
And triumph o'er my vanquish'd foe—
O death, where is thy pointed sting?
My Saviour wards the fatal blow.

XII.

O when will that illustrious day,
When will that blissful moment come,
That shall my weary soul convey
Safe to her everlasting home ?

XIII.

Then shall I leave these fetters here,
And upward rise to joys unknown ;
And call, without an anxious fear,
The fair inheritance my own.

XIV.

Adieu to all terrestrial things ;
Come, bear me through the starry road,
Bright Seraphs, on your soaring wings,
To see my Saviour, and my God.

REDEMPTION BY CHRIST ALONE.

1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

I.

Enslav'd by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched, guilty captives lay.

II.

Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace ;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release ;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

III.

Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid;
Invalued price, his precious blood,
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

IV.

Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.

V.

Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun,
Each secret, lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

I.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours, to wonder and adore.

II.

Thy deep decrees from creature sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

III.

Great God, I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

IV.

Is darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine,
At length through ev'ry cloud shall shine.

V.

Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
"That Christ is mine!"—this great request
Grant, bounteous God,—and I am blest.

REFUGE AND STRENGTH IN THE MERCY OF GOD.

I.

My God, 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here, I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

II.

'Tis here, my faith resolves to dwell,
Nor shall I be afraid
Of all the pow'rs of earth or hell,
If thou vouchsafe thy aid.

III.

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou my God art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish ev'ry fear.

IV.

Against thy all-supporting grace
My foes can ne'er prevail;
But oh! if frowns becloud thy face,
Faith, hope, and life will fail.

V.

My great protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart,
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

VI.

O never let my soul remove,
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy pow'r and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

DESIRING RESIGNATION AND THANKFULNESS.

I.

When I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flow'rs.

II.

Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow;
And let me in this desart land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

III.

Is health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God;
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

IV.

While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

V.

In griefs and pains thy sacred word,
(Dear solace of my soul!)
Celestial comforts can afford,
And all their pow'r control.

VI.

When present suff'rings pain my heart,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes:

VII.

Thy pow'rful word supports my hope,
Sweet cordial of the mind!
And bears my fainting spirit up,
And bids me wait resign'd.

VIII.

And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

IX.

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From ev'ry murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And let me live to thee.

X.

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
"My path of life attend;
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And bless its happy end."

DESIRING THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

Isai. l. 10.

I.

Hear, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs,
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?

II.

My God—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
On which thy saints depend!

III.

By ev'ry name of pow'r and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

IV.

Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

V.

Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

VI.

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

CHRIST THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

JOHN xiv. 19.

I.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

II.

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

III.

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here, let me build, and rest secure.

IV.

Here, let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immoveable the promise stands;
Nor all the pow'rs of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

V.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose ;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

ASPIRING TOWARDS HEAVEN.

I.

VAIN world, be gone, nor vex my heart
With thy deluding wiles ;
Hence, empty promiser, depart
With all thy soothing smiles.

II.

Superior bliss invites my eyes,
Delight unmix'd with woe ;
Now let my nobler thoughts arise,
To joys unknown below.

III.

Yon starry plains, how bright they shine,
With radiant specks of light ;
Fair pavement of the courts divine,
That sparkles on the sight !

IV.

'Tis distance lessens ev'ry star ;
Could I behold them nigh,
Bright worlds of wonder would appear
To my astonish'd eye !

V.

Thus heav'nly joys attract my eyes,
My heart the lustre warms ;
But could I reach those upper skies,
How infinite their charms !

VI.

Come, heav'n-born faith, and aid my flight,
And guide my rising thought,
Till earth, still lessening to my sight,
Shall vanish, quite forgot.

VII.

But when to reach those blissful plains
Her utmost ardour tries,
And almost hears the charming strains
Of hymning angels rise :

VIII.

Mortality, with painful load,
Forbids the raptur'd flight ;
In vain she means heaven's bright abode,
And sinks to earth and night.

IX.

O let thy love, my God, my King,
My hope, my heart, inspire ;
And teach my faith with stronger wing
To rise, and warm desire.

X.

Oft let thy shining visits cheer
This dark abode of clay,
Till I shall leave these fetters here,
And rise to endless day.

GOD MY ONLY HAPPINESS.

I.

When fill'd with grief, my anxious heart
To thee, my God, complains,
Sweet pleasure mingles with the smart,
And softens all my pains.

II.

Earth flies with all her soothing charms,
Nor I the loss deplore;
No more, ye phantoms, mock my arms,
Nor teaze my spirit more.

III.

I languish for superior joy
To all that earth bestows;
For pleasure which can never cloy,
Nor change, nor period knows.

IV.

Still, must the scenes of bliss remain
Conceal'd from mortal eyes?
And must my wishes rise in vain,
And never reach the skies?

V.

My God, O could I call thee mine
Without a wav'ring fear,
This would be happiness divine,
A heav'n of pleasure here!

VI.

This joy, my wishes long to find,
To this my heart aspires,
A bliss, immortal as the mind,
And vast as its desires!

MOURNING THE ABSENCE OF GOD, AND LONGING FOR HIS GRACIOUS PRESENCE.

I.

My God, to thee I call—
Must I forever mourn?
So far from thee, my life, my all?
O when wilt thou return?

II.

Dark as the shades of night
My gloomy sorrows rise,
And hide thy soul-reviving light
From these desiring eyes.

III.

My comforts all decay,
My inward foes prevail;
If thou withhold thy healing ray,
Expiring hope will fail.

IV.

Away, distressing fears,
My gracious God is nigh,
And heav'nly pity sees my tears,
And marks each rising sigh.

V.

Dear source of all my joys,
And solace of my care,
O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice
And grant my humble pray'r !

VI.

These envious clouds remove,
Thy cheering light restore,
Confirm my int'rest in thy love
Till I can doubt no more.

VII.

Then if my troubles rise,
To thee, my God, I'll flee,
And raise my hopes above the skies,
And cast my cares on thee.

GOD THE ONLY REFUGE OF THE TROUBLED MIND.

I.

Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise ;
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

II.

While hope revives, though prest with fears,
And I can say, my God,
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

III.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.

IV.

But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

V.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

VI.

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?

VII.

No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r ;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

VIII.

Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

COMPLAINING AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

I.

O'erwhelm'd with restless griefs and fears,
Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
With aching heart and flowing tears,
To pour my sorrows at thy feet.

II.

Can mournful penitence and pray'r
Address thy mercy-seat in vain?
Unnotic'd by thy gracious ear,
Can sorrow and distress complain?

III.

Thy promises are large and free,
To humble souls who seek thy face;
O where for refuge can I flee,
My God!—but to the throne of grace?

IV.

My God, for yet my trembling heart
Would fain rely upon thy word;
Fain would I bid my fears depart,
And cast my burthen on the Lord.

V.

Thou see'st the tempest of my soul,
These restless waves of fear and sin;
Thy voice can all their rage control,
And make a sacred calm within.

VI.

Amid the gloomy shades of night,
To thee, I lift my longing eyes ;
My Saviour God, my life, my light,
When will thy cheering beams arise ?

VII.

My thoughts recall thy favours past,
In many a dark distressing hour,
Thy kind support my heart confess'd,
And own'd thy wisdom, love, and pow'r.

VIII.

And still these bright perfections shine,
Eternal their unclouded rays ;
Unchanging faithfulness is thine,
And just, and right, are all thy ways.

IX.

And can my vile ungrateful heart
Still harbour black distrust and fear ?
O bid these heavy clouds depart,
Bright sun of righteousness, appear.

X.

Let thy enliv'ning healing voice,
The kind assurance of thy love,
Relieve my heart, revive my joys,
And all my sins and fears remove.

SUBMISSION TO GOD UNDER AFFLICTION.

I.

PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart,
Ye busy cares, be still ;
Adore the just, the sov'reign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

II.

Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.

III.

To soften ev'ry painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends ;
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

IV.

Let me reflect with humble awe
Whene'er my heart complains,
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains !

V.

Yes, Lord, I own thy sovereign hand,
Thou just, and wise, and kind ;
Be ev'ry anxious thought suppress,
And all my soul resign'd.

VI.

But oh ! indulge this only wish,
  This boon I must implore ;
Assure my soul, that thou art mine,
  My God, I ask no more.

TRUSTING IN THE DIVINE VERACITY.

I.

When sin and sorrow, fear and pain,
  My trembling heart dismay,
My feeble strength, alas, how vain !
  It sinks and dies away.

II.

My spirit asks a firmer prop,
  I lean upon the Lord ;
My God, the pillar of my hope
  Is thy unchanging word.

III.

On this are built the brightest joys,
  Celestial beings know,
And 'tis the same almighty voice
  Supports the saints below.

IV.

'Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
  And heav'n's immortal frame ;
Then, O my soul, suppress thy fears,
  Thy basis is the same.

V.

The sacred word, the solemn oath,
Forever must remain ;
I trust in everlasting truth,
Nor can my trust be vain.

TIME FLYING, AND DEATH APPROACHING.

I.

AWAKE, my soul, nor slumb'ring lie
Amid the gloomy haunts of death ;
Perhaps the awful hour is nigh,
Commission'd for my parting breath.

II.

That awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

III.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
And none resist the fatal dart ;
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to reach my heart ?

IV.

Shall gay amusements rise between,
When scenes of horror spread around ?
Death's pointed arrows fly unseen,
But ah, how sure, how deep they wound !

V.

Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of a day ;
Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?

VI.

Thy remnant minutes strive to use,
Awake ! rouze ev'ry active pow'r !
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little now ! this precious hour !

VII.

Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine ;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

VIII.

O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve ;
And while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above.

IX.

Insure my nobler life on high,
Life, from a dying Saviour's blood !
Then though my minutes swiftly fly,
They bear me nearer to my God.

VICTORY OVER DEATH THROUGH CHRIST.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

I.

When death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

II.

How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And vict'ry waits his arms.

III.

But see, my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

IV.

Jesus, be thou my sure defence,
My guard forever near;
And faith shall triumph over sense,
And never yield to fear.

V.

O may I meet the dreadful hour,
With fortitude divine;
Sustain'd by thy almighty pow'r,
The conquest must be mine.

VI.

What though subdued this body lies,
Slain in the mortal strife,
My spirit shall unconquer'd rise
To a diviner life.

VII.

Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust :

VIII.

Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And cloath'd in full, immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

IX.

When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring,
With glory to the Lamb :

X.

O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And, with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise,
In everlasting song.

CHRIST THE SUPREME BEAUTY.

Isai. xxxiii. 17.

I.

Should nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compar'd with thine.

II.

Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store ;
Ev'n brightness languishes to shade,
And beauty is no more.

III.

But ah, how far from mortal sight,
The Lord of glory dwells !
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

IV.

O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour, and my king !

V.

There myriads worship at thy feet,
And there, (divine employ !)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.

VI.

Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place ;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face ?

THE PROMISED LAND.

Isai. xxxiii. 17.

I.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

II.

Fair distant land !—could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

III.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns !

IV.

From discord free, and war's alarms,
And want, and pining care,
Plenty and peace unite their charms,
And smile unchanging there.

V.

There rich varieties of joy
Continual feast the mind ;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd !

VI.

No factious strife, no envy there,
The sons of peace molest,
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.

VII.

No clouds those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

VIII.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

IX.

The glorious monarch there displays
His beams of wond'rous grace ;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
And bow before his face.

X.

O may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

XI.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

PSALM xxiii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewel to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

II.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

III.

Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

IV.

Here let my spirit rest ;
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;
Beneficence divine !

V.

Dear shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore,
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

VI.

Unworthy, as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

THE CHRISTIAN'S NOBLEST RESOLUTION.

JOSHUA xxiv. 15.

I.

Ah, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

II.

May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

III.

O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

IV.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

V.

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

THE SAVIOUR's INVITATION.

JOHN vii. 37

I.

THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

II.

For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

III.

Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

IV.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay ?

V.

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

JESUS THE BEST BELOVED.

I.

DEAR centre of my best desires,
And sov'reign of my heart,
What sweet delight thy name inspires !
What bliss thy smiles impart !

II.

Jesus—O loveliest, dearest name !
And wilt thou condescend
To own the bold, yet humble claim,
My everlasting friend ?

III.

Too oft, alas, my passions rove,
In search of meaner charms ;
Trifles unworthy of my love
Divide me from thy arms.

IV.

Ye teizing vanities depart,
I seek my absent Lord ;
No balm to ease my aching heart,
Can all your joys afford.

V.

Come, dearest Lord, with pow'r divine,
And drive thy foes away ;
O be my heart, my passions thine,
And never, never stray.

DESIRING TO KNOW AND LOVE HIM MORE.

I.

Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

II.

Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

III.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

IV.

But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

V.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

VI.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love ;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

THE GLORIOUS PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

John xvii. 24.

I.

O for a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns !

II.

There low before his glorious throne
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

III.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

IV.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze ;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

V.

There all the fav'rites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir ;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place ;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS ABOVE.

JOHN xvii. 24.

I.

O COULD we read our int'rest here,
Jesus, in these dear words of thine,
A heav'n of pleasure would appear,
A blissful view of joys divine.

II.

Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace
Remove our guilt, our fears remove ;
Then shall our thoughts with rapture trace
The radiant mansions of thy love.

III.

There shall our hearts no more complain,
Nor sin prevail, nor grace decay ;
But perfect joy forever reign,
One glorious, undeclining day.

IV.

No darkness there shall cloud our sight ;
These now dejected, feeble eyes,
Shall gaze, with infinite delight,
On the full glories of the skies.

V.

There shall we see thy lovely face,
And, chang'd to purity divine,
Partake the splendors of the place,
And in thy glorious likeness shine.

VI.

Yes, dearest Lord, to dwell with thee,
Thy praise our endless, sweet employ,
Must be immense felicity,
A full infinitude of joy !

VII.

O let thy spirit now impart,
The kind assurance of thy love,
With sealing pow'r to ev'ry heart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN TO JESUS.

I.

Jesus, in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise !
Jesus, the angel's sweetest theme !
The wonder of the skies !

II.

Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine !
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine !

III.

Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,
And boundless realms of day,
(Aside thy robes of glory thrown,)
To dwell in feeble clay ?

IV.

Jesus,—and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes ?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For vile rebellious foes ?

V.

Through the deep horrors of thy pain
Then love triumphant smil'd ;
Earth trembled at the dreadful scene,
And heaven was reconcil'd.

VI.

Victorious love ! can language tell
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour ?

VII.

Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control ?
Descend, O sov'reign love, descend,
And melt the stubborn soul.

VIII.

O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

IX.

Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more ;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heav'n and earth adore.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

I.

To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love, (immortal flame !)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

II.

His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

III.

Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy ;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise, our best employ.

IV.

Jesus, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this ?

V.

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
The Saviour dy'd for me.

VI.

O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST WITHOUT WANDERING.

I.

Ye earthly vanities, depart,
Forever hence remove ;
Jesus alone deserves my heart,
And ev'ry thought of love.

II.

His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustain'd the heavy load of guilt,
For lost rebellious worms :

III.

His heart, whence love abundant flow'd
To wash the stains of sin,
In precious streams of vital blood—
Here, all my hopes begin.

IV.

Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove,
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injur'd love ?

V.

Forbid it, Lord, O bind this heart,
This rebel heart of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

THE EXALTED SAVIOUR.

I.

Now let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above ;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wond'rous love.

II.

While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame ;
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

III.

Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he !
How bright ! how lovely ! how admir'd !

IV.

Jesus, who dy'd that we might live,
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place—
O what returns can mortals give,
For such immeasurable grace ?

V.

Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art with all their pow'rs
Would still confess the off'rer poor !

VI.

Yet though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

THE WONDERS OF REDEMPTION.

1 Pet. iii. 18.

I.

And did the holy and the just,
The sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise ?

II.

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprizing mercy ! love unknown !)
To suffer, bleed, and die.

III.

He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled !

IV.

Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood ?
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

V.

Jesus, my soul, adoring, bends
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me ?

VI.

What glad return can I impart,
For favours so divine ?
O take my all,—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST AT HIS TABLE.

I.

To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heav'n and earth ador'd !)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

II.

But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

III.

Yet while around his board we meet,
And worship at his glorious feet ;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

IV.

Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And while we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

V.

Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wond'rous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

VI.

Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to ev'ry heart.

FAITH IN A REDEEMER'S SUFFERINGS.

I.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

II.

But while thy suff'rings I survey,
And faith enjoys a heav'nly ray,
These dear memorials of thy pain
Present anew the dreadful scene.

III.

I hear thy groans with deep surprise,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes,
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguish fraught, and pains unknown.

IV.

For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies :
What love, what mercy, how divine !—
Jesus, and can I call thee mine ?—

V.

Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart :
O may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.

VI.

Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

A DYING SAVIOUR.

I.

STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies ;
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

II.

But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound :
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

III.

To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprizing grace !
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?

IV.

And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

V.

Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain !

VI.

Come, dearest Lord, thy pow'r impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
Till all its pow'rs and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

MEDITATING ON THE REDEEMER'S SUFFERINGS.

I.

RECALL, my heart, that dreadful hour,
When Jesus on the cursed tree
Infinite pains and sorrows bore—
Think, O my soul, was this for thee?

II.

See, crown'd with thorns that sacred head,
With beams of glory once adorn'd!
That voice, which heaven and earth obey'd,
Is now by traitors mock'd and scorn'd.

III.

And see those lovely melting eyes,
Whence kind compassion often flow'd,
Now rais'd imploring to the skies,
For harden'd souls athirst for blood!

IV.

Those healing hands with blessings fraught,
Nail'd to the cross with pungent smart!
Inhuman deed! could no kind thought
To pity move the ruthless heart?

V.

But oh! what agonies unknown,
His soul sustain'd beneath the load
Of mortal crimes! how deep the groan
Which calm'd the vengeance of a God!

VI.

He groan'd ! he dy'd ! the awful scene
Of wonder, grief, surprizing love,
Forever let my heart retain,
Nor from my Saviour's feet remove.

VII.

Jesus, accept this wretched heart,
Which trembling, mourning, comes to thee ;
The blessing of thy death impart,
And tell my soul, 'tis all for me.

SIN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

I.

Was it for sin, for mortal guilt,
The Saviour gave his vital blood ?
For sin amazing anguish felt,
The wrath of an offended God ?

II.

When bleeding, groaning, on the tree,
He breath'd such agonizing cries,
When nature suffer'd, Lord, with thee,
And darkness cloath'd the mourning skies.

III.

And shall I harbour in my breast
(Tremble my soul at such a deed)
This dreadful foe, this fatal guest ?
'Twas sin that made my Saviour bleed.

IV.

'Tis sin that would my ruin prove,
And sink me down to endless woe ;
But O forbid it, heavenly love,
And save me from the cursed foe.

V.

Ye sins, ye cruel sins, depart,
Your tyrant sway I cannot bear ;
My rightful sov'reign claims my heart,
Jesus alone shall govern here.

VI.

Come, glorious conqu'ror, gracious Lord,
Thy all-prevailing pow'r employ ;
O come, with thy resistless word,
These hateful enemies destroy.

VII.

Guilty and weak to thee I fly,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my friend,
On thy almighty arm rely,
On thy atoning blood depend.

VIII.

My all of hope is fix'd on thee,
For thou alone hast pow'r divine ;
O come, and conquer, Lord, for me,
And all the glory shall be thine.

CHRIST DYING AND RISING.

I.

Come tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing,

And echo to the heav'nly plains
The triumphs of your Saviour-King.

II.

In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdu'd your potent foes,
Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
And, dying, finish'd all your woes.

III.

Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conqu'ring God, resound.

IV.

Almighty love ! victorious pow'r !
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.

V.

Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise ;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy wond'rous grace
Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

TO LYSANDER.

I.

A MUSE, in learning's arduous toil unskill'd,
That sung her wild notes to the silent shade,
Collected blossoms from her native field,
And o'er the rural scenes delighted stray'd :
Though unambitious of the wreath of fame,
Yet glow'd her bosom with a nobler flame.

II.

Nor kings nor heroes grac'd her artless lay,
For peaceful themes to sylvan shades belong ;
Alike unknown among the great and gay,
Soft adulation flow'd not in her song.
To heav'n that gave them, oft her notes aspire,
Or friendship wakes the sympathizing lyre.

III.

Indulgent Friendship, list'ning, caught the strain,
And fondly fancy'd it was tun'd to move ;
Then, smiling, bore it to the distant plain,
Far, ah how far beyond its native grove !
But say, Lysander, can such notes as these
Amid politer scenes expect to please ?

IV.

Say, can these untaught airs acceptance find
Where Milton, wond'rous bard ! divinely sung ?
Or yield a taste of pleasure to the mind
That raptur'd soars with Hervey or with Young ?
In minds of polish'd frame can friendship dwell
Plain, unadorn'd, as in the rural cell ?

V.

Yet friendship dwells with piety sincere,
Or in the cottage, or the stately dome,
Whether detain'd in crouded scenes of care,
Or in the village fix'd, her peaceful home :
Where these reside, though artless be her strain,
O may the muse a kind admission gain.

VI.

If minds, where piety and friendship glow,
Approving smile, and own the kindred theme ;
That smile a nobler pleasure will bestow,
Than all the laurell'd wreaths of boasting fame :
Blest minds ! to these the Muse devotes her lays ;
If these approve, she seeks no other praise.

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

When Phœbus had withdrawn his radiant beams,
And evening spread her sable curtains round ;
In that soft hour when to the list'ning grove
Her pleasing, soothing, melancholy airs
Poor Philomel begins—(the kindly dews
Shed their soft influence on the fragrant herb,
And gave fresh odours to the flow'ry shrub,
Refreshing to the sense)—the charming scene
Alluring call'd to taste the evening air,
Amid the verdure of the lonely shade ;
The lonely shade indulgent to the Muse.

Here may I stretch my wond'ring eyes around
O'er all the beauteous landscape, and behold
Almighty pow'r and wisdom plain impress'd
On ev'ry tree, on ev'ry plant and flower.
All own the sov'reign Architect divine,
And in their different language speak his praise.
The gentle zephyrs with harmonious breath,
Brush through the grove, and play along the stream,
And in soft whispers to the silver wave,
Speak their Creator's name, and die away.
The silver wave retains the pleasing theme,
Laves her glad banks, and gently murm'ring on,
Bears to the neighb'ring trees the welcome sound ;

They bend their wav'ring tops, adore, and praise.
The lofty mountains rear their tow'ring heads,
Tall and majestic, to the fleecy clouds ;
With awful pride confess their Maker God,
How great his pow'r, how wide his dread command.
Dress'd in a thousand charms, the flow'ry vale
Displays his goodness in her cheerful bloom,
And smiling owns beneficence divine.

Harmonious all and fair ! whole nature joins
To speak the wonders of creating skill ;
Bids us in all his works confess the God,
And bend our souls adoring at his feet.

Whether with pleasing rapture I survey
The smiling green in rich embroid'ry drest,
Or the more solemn grove in shady state,
Or contemplate the smoothly flowing stream ;
Or if I raise my wand'ring eyes to gaze
On yonder azure plain, unnumber'd beauties
Inspire my breast with wonder and delight.

Serenely bright ascends the silver moon
Attended by th' innumerable train
Of sparkling stars, with rich profusion pour'd
O'er all the vast expanse ; and ev'ry star,
In ev'ry beam, proclaims his Maker's praise.

O Thou, both nature's author and her lord,
Whose pow'r and skill, in all thy works confess'd,
Demand the tribute of my noblest song ;

Instruct my heart, and raise my humble thoughts
To trace thy forming hand in ev'ry scene,
And in thy works to meditate thy praise :
Till, led by these, my raptur'd soul ascends,
On heav'nly contemplation's soaring wing,
To thee, the sacred source of all perfection.

HAPPINESS.

I.

O HAPPINESS, by all admir'd, pursu'd,
How oft defin'd, how seldom understood,
And always at a painful distance view'd !

II.

Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise ;
They court our eager arms and longing eyes,
And prompt our fond desires and restless sighs.

III.

If thou art but a dream, an empty name,
Then why this active pow'r, this quenchless flame,
By heav'n implanted in the human frame ?

IV.

The great Creator, just, and good, and wise,
The wants of all his creatures well supplies,
Nor blessings to the lowest rank denies.

V.

Shall man, alone, unsatisfy'd remain ?
And doom'd to ceaseless unavailing pain,
Must all his ardent wishes rise in vain ?

VI.

No, there is nobler bliss for man design'd,
A happiness of an immortal kind,
Wide as his wishes, ample as his mind.

VII.

Earth never can bestow the sov'reign good ;
The sacred word, unerring, points the road,
To happiness, to glory, and to God.

VIII.

But foolish mortals oft mistake the way,
In search of bliss on earth, we anxious stray,
And take a meteor for the lamp of day.

IX.

Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair,
They tempt our feet through labyrinths of care,
Till catching at the prize we grasp the air.

X.

Almighty goodness, call our hearts and eyes
From these deluding, tempting vanities,
And upward bid our ardent wishes rise.

XI.

O bid each fatal, fair illusion flee,
Mark out our path from ev'ry error free,
And let us seek for bliss, alone, in thee.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

MARK, how the stately tree disdainful rears
His tow'ring head, and mingles with the clouds;
But by his fatal height, the more expos'd
To all the fury of the raging storm:
His honours fly, the sport of angry winds;
Till the loud blast with direful stroke descends:
Torn from his basis, low on earth he lies,
And the hills echo to the sounding fall.
So pride, with haughty port, defies in vain,
The force of rough adversity, which rends
With double violence the stubborn heart.
But, like a tender plant, humility
Bends low before the threat'ning blast unhurt,
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.

Pride is the liv'ry of the prince of darkness,
Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame;
A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent and foul,
And loathsome to the holy eye of heav'n.
But sweet humility, a shining robe,
Bestow'd by heav'n upon its fav'rite sons:
The robe which God approves, and angels wear;
Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of light,
Who stoop'd to dwell (divine humility!)
With sinful worms, and poverty, and scorn.

Pride is the source of discord, strife, and war,
And all the endless train of heavy woes,

Which wait on wretched man ; the direful sting
Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of scorn,
And gloomy discontent, and black despair.
But sweet humility, the source of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy ;
Where she resides, a thousand blessings wait,
To gild our lives, and form a heav'n below.

Pride leads her wretched vot'ries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy, and death.
But sweet humility points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.
Humility how glorious ! how divine !
Thus cloath'd, and thus enrich'd, O may I shine,
Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

IMITATION OF MR. POPE'S ODE ON SOLITUDE.

I.

Is there on earth a solitude
Which anxious care can ne'er invade ;
Where pains nor sorrows e'er intrude ?
A hallow'd shade ?

II.

Where peace extends her halcyon wing,
To guard and bless the soft retreat ;
Content sweet breathes eternal spring
Around her seat ?

III.

Some gentle spirit aid my flight
To this delightful, blissful spot,
From human converse, human sight ;
Blest, and forgot.

IV.

Illusive dream ! it fleets in air !
No paradise is found below,
No solitude secludes from care,
Or shuts out woe.

V.

Happy the man, and he alone,
To whom the easy lot is giv'n,
Cheerful to wait, and thankful own
The hand of heav'n.

VI.

Then solitude, or social joy,
Can please, yet not engage his heart ;
Nor sorrow, pain, nor care annoy
His nobler part.

VII.

His wish, his hope, his soul aspires
To a fair paradise above ;
Yet patient waits, till heav'n requires
His blest remove.

VIII.

Thus may my hopes and wishes rise,
Be mine serenity like this,
Till death's kind sleep shall close my eyes ;
Then wake to bliss.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

How fondly those mistake who seek for joys
In crowds, and mirth, and never ceasing noise :
Their mirth, how empty ! and their joys, how vain !
Reflection ever flies the laughing train.
Stunn'd with the din, thought sickens ; and the mind
No true delight, no taste of bliss can find.

Alike they err, who leave the world to dwell
With gloomy sadness in a lonely cell :
Heavy and dull, the joyless hours move on,
To all the sweets of social life unknown.

If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies,
That pleasure must from sacred friendship rise ;
Of all which animates the human frame,
The noblest ardour, and the purest flame :
Offspring of heav'n !—there friendship all refin'd,
Immortal glows in each seraphic mind :
Mix'd with the streams of bliss forever flows,
Nor change, decay, nor interruption knows :
A glorious native of the realms of love,
And only, in perfection, known above :
Yet is the blessing, by indulgent heav'n,
Though in a less degree, to mortals giv'n :

Its pleasing pow'r by providence design'd
To soften human cares, and mend the mind;
To calm our passions by its gentle sway,
And bid them reason's sacred laws obey.
Friendship can often o'er the heart prevail,
When philosophic rules and maxims fail:
It turns to mutual tenderness the thought,
And views with kind indulgence ev'ry fault.
And where corrosives ought to be apply'd,
The gentle hand soft love and pity guide:
While each can bear reproof, and each reprove,
(All proud resentment lost in grateful love,)
Point out each fault, and blame yet not offend,
And free from nauseous flatt'ry, can commend,
To merit its proportion'd honours raise;
Alike exact the censure and the praise.

Friendship communicates our joys and pains,
And in each breast rejoices, or complains;
Divides our weight of woe, relieves our cares,
And ev'ry pleasure heightens, as it shares.

While sacred virtue lights the holy fire,
By time uninjur'd, it will ne'er expire:
No force of rough adversity can part,
Can tear the gen'rous passion from the heart.

O friendship, what sincere delights are thine!
Fair miniature of happiness divine;
Propitious, pleasing, heav'n-descended guest,
Who only with the virtuous few canst rest:

May thy kind influence smooth my path of life,
Still calm and peaceful, free from noisy strife,
Be virtue, sweet content, and friendship mine,
I at my humble lot shall ne'er repine.
From these alone more real pleasures flow,
Than the gay round of mirth or gaudy show,
Or all the charms of greatness can bestow.

ON THE SAME.

TRUE friendship is the noblest earthly gift
Which heav'n on man bestows; the cordial drop,
That mingling with the bitter cup of woe,
Gives a kind tincture to the deadly draught.
Not mines afford a gem of equal worth;
But ah, how rarely found! amid the crowd
Though glitt'ring counterfeits may oft appear,
And many a phantom borrow friendship's name.

Smooth complaisance, and well-dissembled kindness,
And flatt'ry, hid beneath the specious mask
Of humble admiration and esteem,
Are often seen; they wear a fair appearance,
And dress'd in friendship's garb may please a while;
But cheat th' unwary heart, that trusts too far
Their seeming innocence, and honest face.
Self-interest is the secret spring that guides them;
This stopp'd, or broken, the machine stands still,
Or falls, and shivers into worthless fragments.

Happy the mind of nobler texture fram'd,
Sincere, benevolent, above disguise,
Dress'd in the plain unborrow'd robe of truth.
These virtues make her fav'rite residence;
With virtue only, real friendship dwells,
And friendship loves for virtue's sake alone.

While the frail scenes of momentary life
Bound the low narrow view of vulgar minds,
Ambition, envy, pride, and restless rage
Emit their baleful sparks; but soon, ah! soon,
The blaze expires, and all is dark forever.

But friendship, kindled by fair piety,
(And thus she claims relation to the skies,)
Sheds her kind lustre o'er the path of life,
And guides the feet through many a thorny brake
Unhurt: she points with upward aim to heaven;
To heaven, from whence the sacred ardour came,
And guardian angels own the kindred flame.

ODE TO CONTENT.

I.

COME, charming guest, divine Content,
And chase my cares away;
The sweetest bliss to mortals lent,
Is thy kind healing ray.

II.

Thy presence smooths the face of woe,
And softens ev'ry pain ;
From thee a thousand pleasures flow,
A guiltless, lovely train.

III.

Humility thy steps attends ;
Her sweetly pensive eyes
To earth in peaceful thought she bends,
Without a wish to rise.

IV.

With cheerful air and look sedate,
See gentle Patience nigh,
And Hope, fair sister, smiling wait,
With heav'n-erected eye :

V.

While Faith, (kind seraph !) points her view
Beyond the starry plain,
To the bright worlds where, ever new,
Immortal pleasures reign.

VI.

Thy comforts, O divine Content,
From those fair regions flow ;
For bliss sincere was never meant
On earth's low soil to grow.

VII.

In cold affliction's dreary shade,
Fresh-blooming joys are thine !
Can wintry storms the heart invade
When vernal sun-beams shine ?

VIII.

Come then, thou dear delightful guest,
Thy lov'd companions bring ;
Come, take possession of my breast,
And winter shall be spring.

ON REASON.

Reason, the glory of the human frame,
Eye of the mind, the stamp of heav'n impress'd
On man alone, of all the various ranks
Of being, which the great Creator form'd,
To people numberless this earthly globe,
To man alone he gave this ray divine,
This emanation of the deity :
A gift of countless value ! rais'd by this
Above his fellow worms, and taught to view
His maker's hand in all his wonderous works ;
To trace his glories, his divine perfections,
And worship with accepted adoration :
Fitted by this for converse with his God.
Amazing thought ! the distance, how immense,
Betwixt infinity, and humble clay !

Yet, thus exalted, man, ungrateful man
Rebell'd, and spurn'd his Maker's righteous law ;
And, in his just resentment, God withdrew
His blissful presence from his wretched offspring.
Then reason, heav'nly flame, with faded lustre
Glow'd faintly, its primæval brightness gone,

Sullied and clouded with surrounding guilt ;
And, feebly glimm'ring with uncertain light,
No more it mounts sublime, to earth confin'd.
Weak, erring guide, no more it points the way
To happiness, but leaves the mind bewilder'd,
And lost in paths of danger, guilt, and death.

But light divine breaks from the sacred word,
And cheers the darksome gloom ; while heav'n-born faith
The dawning glory views, and soars aloft.
Borne on her wings, Hope cheerful smiles ; and lo
The clouds disperse, the prospect brightens round ;
A glimpse of heav'n appears, of bliss immortal
Reserv'd for mortal man ; and joys unknown,
Blest fruit of the Redeemer's dying pains,
Pardon, and peace, and life, laid up in him
For guilty rebels ! Reconcil'd through him,
With his bright presence God revisits earth !
Transporting view ! lost happiness restor'd !
Weak-sighted reason upward rises too,
Thus aided, and pursues the shining tract
With cheerful wing, though slow ; and glad adores
The dazzling glories, which she cannot reach
With steady light : yet with delightful toil
By gradual steps ascends, and joyful sees
The bright perfections of the Deity,
In humbler scenes display'd, where'er she turns
Her raptur'd eye ; and blest employment finds
For never-ceasing praise and grateful homage.
Rekindled now from heav'n, her dying lamp
Glows with increasing lustre : Grace assisting,

Her empire o'er the mind she now resumes ;
Her gentle sway the warring passions own ;
Her voice their wilder tumults can controul,
And tune them all to harmony and peace.

Nor is her pow'r to single minds confin'd ;
Senates and nations own her sov'reign rule,
And boast their different governments and laws
Inspir'd by her, and founded on her dictates.
The bliss of civil and of social life
Depends on her ; without her all would sink
To discord, anarchy, and wild confusion.
Each individual, through the various ranks,
Whether of public or of private life,
To her his safety, peace and pleasure owes.
Her influence soothes the cares of life, and shews
The use and value of its num'rous blessings.

Robb'd of her cheering light, what woes attend
On helpless wretched man ! self-preservation,
By gracious heav'n implanted in his frame,
Oft in the hand of providence a guard
Amid surrounding dangers, then forsakes him.

Were reason's beam withdrawn, life would be death,
Existence a mere blank ;—the sweets of life
Be tasteless, and its blessings unenjoy'd ;
Fame, pleasure, riches, useless all, and vain ;
And health and friends, (dearest of comforts !) sink
O'erwhelm'd in dark oblivion : dreadful state ;
Recoiling nature trembles at the thought !

O may my soul with gratitude sincere,
And constant praise, adore the God of mercy,
Who gives this blessing still to shine on me.
Lord, raise my gratitude, and tune my praise
To thy almighty goodness, which bestows
On me this gift of reason, and continues
Its cheering ray ; and may thy pow'rful grace
Assist me, O my God, still to devote
Reason, and life, and all my pow'rs to thee,
Till this frail transient scene shall close in death.
Then may I rise, by angel-guards convoy'd,
To the bright mansions of eternal bliss.
There nobler praise, and worship all refin'd,
Unnumber'd hearts, unnumber'd tongues employ,
And joys unknown to mortals.—Reason there
Shall shine with perfect and unclouded lustre ;
And all my pow'rs, exalted and renew'd,
Glow with immortal vigour.—There my voice,
Tun'd to the strains of paradise, shall join
With saints and seraphs, in transporting songs
To thee, the source of everlasting joy.

ON READING MR. HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS.

Happy the man, whom grace divine has taught
To raise to nobler scenes the flying thought ;
Beyond the bounds of sense and time to soar,
And awful immortality explore.
Amid the chill of death's tremendous gloom,

And all the dreary horrors of the tomb,
He walks serene—'tis heav'n with sacred ray
Darts through the sable shade a glimpse of day ;
Faith views the dawning bliss with raptur'd eye,
And bears his thoughts and hopes above the sky.

Yet, o'er the ruins of mankind he weeps,
O'er mortal hope which here in silence sleeps ;
But from the pitying tear, the pious woe,
Celestial truths with soft persuasion flow.
He from these silent teachers bids us learn
Our certain fate, our infinite concern.
To realms of life he points the radiant way,
Where death resigns his universal sway ;
And this frail, dying frame, renew'd, shall shine,
Safe from decay in splendors all divine.

Thus Hervey mourns ; his kind instructive page,
Full of compassion for a thoughtless age,
In all the charms of eloquence appears,
And wakes our pleasure, while it steals our tears.

Now rising from the dark retreats of death,
Soft as the morning Zephyr's gentle breath,
His language flows, and cheers our fainting pow'rs
With all the sweetness of the op'ning flow'rs ;
Displays the beauties of the blooming race :
Their various beauties, though with matchless grace
They scorn the pencil's art, yet flourish here,
In bright description all their charms appear ;
Charms, which the heedless, unobserving eye,

Or slightly views, or wholly passes by :
But to the heav'n-taught mind, how bright they shine,
Mark'd with the traces of the hand divine !
Their sweets collected with engaging art,
At once regale the sense, and cheer the heart.

While all our pow'rs obey the soft control,
To beauty's source he leads th' enraptur'd soul ;
To Jesus leads, the everlasting Fair :
In the dear name ten thousand charms appear ;
Beneath the heav'nly radiance of his eye,
Created beauties droop, and fade, and die.

Thou Sun of righteousness, thy beams impart,
And bless my eyes, and warm my languid heart ;
O let me dwell beneath thy light divine,
And nature's charms contented I resign.

But oh ! what mortal eye can bear the ray,
When thy full glories beam etherial day ?
The brightest seraphs, veil'd before thy throne,
Adoring low, the dazzling splendors own
Too strong for finite natures to sustain,
Thy praise too lofty for their noblest strain.

Come, gentle ev'ning, cheer my fainting sense,
Pain'd and oppress'd with glories too intense.
The ev'ning comes—all mild, and sweet, and fair ;
The dusk how grateful ! how serene the air ?—
Yet still my soul would see her Saviour God,
The living source of all that's fair and good ;

His beauties, though at humble distance, view
And trace him in the scenes his pencil drew.
His bright perfections round me are display'd,
The morn, the noon, the grateful ev'ning shade,
Present his diff'rent glories to the sight,
Or strike with wonder, or inspire delight.
His pow'r and love, in plenty's smiling form,
O'er the wide fields each grateful bosom warm.
From him, the gentle ev'ning-breezes spring,
And waft refreshment on their balmy wing.
His beauty glitters in the pearly dew,
And smiles amid the bright etherial blue
Which paints yon spacious arch ; and charms our eyes
In clouds of gold, which streak the western skies.
And now the shining lamps of heav'n advance,
Rang'd in bright order o'er the fair expanse ;
Like lamps they sparkle on th' unaided sight ;
But nearer view'd in philosophic light,
Prodigious orbs, unnumber'd worlds arise !
New scenes of wonder meet our gazing eyes !

Jesus, thy glory beaming from afar,
Great source of light, illumines ev'ry star.
Thy word inform'd the planets where to roll,
And station'd ev'ry orb that gilds the pole.
To thee, 'midst all the glories of the skies,
To thee alone I raise my longing eyes :
" Bright morning star, arise with healing ray,
" Arise, and chase t he shades of night away,
" Sweet harbinger of everlasting day."

A SIMILE.

Oft have I view'd the flow'rs while bright and gay,
They gave their beauties to the noon-tide ray.
But short, alas! their bloom, and soon they fade,
Unbless'd with cooling show'rs, or friendly shade.
See the clouds blacken, heavy show'rs descend,
The weak, soft race o'erladen, droop and bend,
Recline their languid heads, and seem to mourn,
Till the storm cease, and sunny beams return:
Then smiling, rise more lovely, bright and fair,
And with new sweets perfume the ambient air.

Thus, to the soul affliction oft supplies
New life, and bids declining virtue rise.
The storm, which seem'd a while t' oppress, revives
Each fading grace, and strength and beauty gives.
Their drooping pow'rs, by heav'n's kind influence fed,
A fairer bloom, and sweeter fragrance spread.
Prest with affliction, let me then conclude,
That storms and sunshine, (kind vicissitude!)
Are mingled blessings, meant to work my good.

A MEDITATION ON DEATH.

COME, bid adieu, my soul, to earthly pleasures.—
Illusive phantoms ! distant how they smile,
Fair as the colours of the radiant bow !
But nearer fade upon the cheated eye,
Lose all their lustre, or dissolve in air.
Ah, think how soon these dreams will flit away ;
How soon these gaily-tempting forms will sink
In death's eternal shade—Death onward comes
With hasty step, though unperceiv'd and silent.
Perhaps (alarming thought !) perhaps he aims
E'en now the fatal blow that ends my life.
O let me then, arous'd, reflect in time,
And make this awful, this important theme
Familiar to my thoughts ! Awake, my soul,
Nor, careless, slumber on the brink of fate.
With constant warnings, with loud admonitions,
Can I be unconcern'd ? At length my eyes,
Long held in mists, or cheated with false visions,
Begin to open on the awful scene.
Let idle-active fancy, now no more
Spread her gay, flatt'ring colours to my view ;
But aid my better thoughts, and represent
Important truths in all their striking forms.

Behold the gaping tomb ! it seems to speak,
With silent horror, to my shiv'ring heart ;

Bids me survey my swift approaching doom,
And view the dark retreat which waits my coming.

O death, thou king of terrors ! dreadful name !
What tongue can e'er describe, what thought can image
The scenes of horror that surround thy throne ?
From thy wide-wasting hand, what vast destruction
Is pour'd on all the tribes of wretched mortals ?
Behold, on ev'ry side the scatter'd bones
Pave all the dreary mansion, and impart
Chill melancholy to the sinking spirits,
While all aghast I stand, and fix mine eyes
On the dire prospect ! O thou gloomy Monarch,
Are these the trophies of thy conqu'ring arms ?

Nor rev'rend hoary age, nor blooming youth,
Nor boasted strength escape thy fatal dart.
Not the persuasive pow'r of beauty's charms,
Nor the soft moving tears of innocence
Can stay thy hand : nor can the miser's gold,
Nor all the treasures of the eastern shore
Buy one short moment of relentless death.

Not ev'n the good man's virtues ought avail
To ward the direful stroke ; nor all the pray'rs
And ardent wishes of the grateful poor,
Fed from his table, and who daily knew
The blessings of his charitable hand.
See, his sad relatives, his mournful friends
Around his dying bed ! what silent sorrow

Sits on each visage, while their streaming eyes
And wringing hands confess their inward anguish !
Who can describe th' unutterable woe
Which fills their hearts, to see a father, brother,
A friend, in whom their all of earthly bliss
Was center'd, gasping on the verge of life ?
And ev'n the sad remains of hope are lost.
His ev'ry dying groan augments their tears,
And the cold sweats declare his exit nigh ;
Till the last breath consigns them to despair.
Heart-rending pain ! Inexorable death !

Then, O my soul, since this deluding world,
With all her boasted stores, has nought to give
That can procure an hour's, a moment's pause,
When death commission'd aims the parting stroke ;
Nor this weak frame, this mortal tenement
Of feeble texture, long sustain th' assault
Of his attendants, sickness, pain, and sorrow ;
Seek, timely seek, while mercy points the way,
A firm, clear title to those blest abodes,
Prepar'd on high, unconscious of decay :
That when this tott'ring frame, (not built to last,)
Frail house of clay, which shakes with ev'ry wind,
Dissolves, and falls a heap of dust and ruin ;
In realms of light I may forever dwell,
In mansions never form'd by mortal hands,
Beyond the reach of sorrow, pain, or death.

O may my name but find some humble place
In the bright records of the court of heav'n,

Sign'd with th' atoning blood of my Redeemer!
May his almighty love cheer my last hours,
Shew me my sins all cancell'd by his death,
And smiling open endless joy before me!
Then shall I triumph o'er my mortal foe,
And with exulting, heav'nly transport say,
O death, where is thy sting? and where, O grave,
Insatiate grave, is thy victorious pow'r?
Then shall my last expiring accents breathe
His blissful name, who, dying, vanquish'd death,
And purchas'd life, immortal life, for me—
Jesus, my Lord, my Saviour, and my all!

TO DELIA.

I.

The gifts indulgent heav'n bestows,
Are variously convey'd;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.

II.

While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind?

III.

More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er;
Retreating sorrows thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

IV.

Then, Delia, send your fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care,
Though clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

TO AMIRA ON HER MARRIAGE.

While round you hourly gratulations rise,
And joy and happiness, (gay soothing sounds)
Salute your ear ; accept the artless wish
That friendship dictates, breathing from the heart.

May gracious heav'n the happy union crown,
Propitious still and kind, with all the bliss
Which mortals can enjoy ; may health, and peace,
And love, and friendship, guide the circling hours.
Soft roll the circling hours, serene and fair,
Still bright'ning as they roll : may true content
With kindly mixture sweeten ev'ry care,
Till scarce th' unpleasing tincture can be found.

But earthly bliss is ever mix'd with pain,
And thorns among its flow'ry pleasures grow.
May all the joys, the nobler, purer joys
Religion yields be yours ; to fairer scenes,
And brighter prospects, may your hopes ascend ;
While heav'n-born faith presents a charming glimpse
Of that immortal paradise on high,

Where pleasure blooms without a thorny care,
And friendship smiles beyond the reach of pain.

THE PLEASURES OF SPRING.

Now reigns the lovely spring in all her pride,
And spreads her verdant robe, adorn'd with flow'rs,
Around the fields and meads ; they cheerful smile
In her gay livery drest ; the whisp'ring winds
Breathe soft, and on their balmy wings convey
Reviving sweets ; the feather'd choir awake
Their artless songs, and all th' enchanting scene
Is harmony and beauty : nature's charms
Subdue the heart, and ev'ry sense is fill'd !

But while the eye roves o'er the blooming mead
With careless pleasure, or the list'ning ear
Attends the soothing musick of the grove ;
Think, whither does the soft enchantment tend ?
Are nature's various beauties lent for this,
Only to please the sense ? For nobler ends
The God of nature gave them. Nature spreads
An open volume, where in ev'ry page
We read the wonders of almighty pow'r !
Infinite wisdom, and unbounded love.
Here sweet instruction, entertaining truths
Reward the searching mind, and onward lead
Enquiring thought ; new beauties still unfold
And op'ning wonders rise upon the view.

The mind, rejoicing, comments as she reads ;
While through th' inspiring page, conviction glows,
And warms to praise her animated pow'rs.

How great, how glorious, is the sov'reign hand,
Which forms so beauteous ev'ry plant and flow'r,
And on the vegetable world inscribes,
In lively characters, his wond'rous name ?
While active life speaks in a thousand forms,
Pow'r, wisdom, and beneficence divine,
The parts of nature in their just proportion,
Uniting, harmonizing, blend to form
One perfect system ; truth and beauty smile,
Inviting contemplation upward still,
From step to step, till at their glorious source
Arriv'd, the soul in low prostration bends,
Adoring, with submissive, silent awe,
The great Unsearchable, the wond'rous name,
Which creature praise can never, never reach ?

ON THE SICKNESS OF A FRIEND.

I.

Shall fond expectance lean on earthly friends,
Since earthly friends, alas ! are born to die ;
And disappointment waits, and grief attends
The best, the dearest joys below the sky ?

II.

Why will this wretched, this deluded heart
So fast to earth's uncertain comforts cleave?
'Tis but to cherish pain, to treasure smart,
And teach the unavailing sigh to heave.

III.

Great source of good, attend my plaintive cries,
My weakness with indulgent pity see,
And teach this restless, anxious heart to rise,
And centre all its hopes and joys in thee.

IV.

Then, should my dearest earthly comforts die,
Should ev'ry friend (distressing thought!) depart;
My refuge, my unfailing friend on high,
Will never, never leave this trembling heart.

V.

Should sorrow like a whelming deluge roll,
And gloomy death appear on ev'ry wave;
Then hope, blest anchor, shall sustain my soul,
And faith shall rise and triumph o'er the grave.

VI.

Then shall I meet my much-lov'd friends above,
Safe landed on the ever-peaceful shore,
The blissful regions of immortal love,
Where happiness and friendship part no more.

THE FETTERED MIND.

I.

Ah! why should this immortal mind,
Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,
And never, never rise?
Why thus amus'd with empty toys,
And sooth'd with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?

II.

The mind was form'd to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

III.

The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chain'd to earth I lie:
When shall my fetter'd pow'rs be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly.

IV.

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul: O could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below;

I'd bid farewel to anxious care,
And say to ev'ry tempting snare,
Heav'n calls, and I must go.

V.

Heav'n calls! and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah wretched, ling'ring heart!
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist, and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

VI.

One word of thy resistless pow'r
Can bid my joyful spirit soar,
And scorn the feeble chain:
Come, bear my raptur'd thoughts above,
On pinions of seraphic love;
And earth shall tempt in vain.

VII.

In vain, her syren voice may try,
To lure me downward from the sky,
To this dark vale of tears;
How will her transient glories fade,
And unregarded sink in shade,
When heav'n's bright dawn appears?

VIII.

So, wand'ring meteors of the night,
Amuse the weary trav'ller's sight,
With fair deceitful ray;
But all their glimm'ring lustre flies,
And ev'ry gay delusion dies,
When Phœbus wakes the day.

TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

If when the tender sympathizing sigh
Swells the full heart, or melts the pitying eye,
The soft compassion could convey relief,
This heart should lessen, while it shar'd your grief.
Uncheck'd the sigh should rise, the sorrow flow,
And pleasure mingle with the kindred woe.
But this is vain, 'tis not in nature's pow'r
To cheer, with lightsome rays, the gloomy hour.
The soothing voice of friendship may beguile
Our cares, and sorrow wear a transient smile.
Poor solace ; soon the spreading gloom returns,
The heart that fain would comfort, only mourns.
Ah, wretched state ! must friendship ever share,
Yet never hope to ease the load of care,
Partake the anguish of infectious grief,
And wish, in vain, to bring a kind relief ?
Ah, wretched state ! each aching heart replies,
Till fainting, dying, hope begins to rise :
Hope, heav'n-born comforter, with cheerful air,
Sheds her kind lustre o'er the scenes of care ;
Her gentle whisper calms the rising sigh,
And weeping sorrow lifts her tearful eye ;
Nor lifts in vain, at his supreme command,
Who holds our welfare in his gracious hand :
His gracious hand alone has pow'r to heal,
Who pities, while he deals the pains we feel.

The springs of life are his ; and cares and pains
Fulfil whate'er his sacred will ordains.
He knows what most we need : when skill divine
Presents a bitter draught, shall we repine ?
While mercy mingles all with lenient art,
To ease the anguish of the throbbing heart.
The steps of providence, though we in vain
Attempt to trace, while clouds o'erspread the scene ;
Its dealings all are just, and wise, and kind ;
Our lesson this—" Be humble and resign'd !"
Through wild and thorny paths, our journey lies,
And darkness terrifies, and dangers rise.
O may our heav'nly Father's guardian care,
Preserve our steps from ev'ry fatal snare :
Be his almighty arm our guide, our stay,
Through all the toils and terrors of the way.
No dangers can affright if God is near,
A present God can banish ev'ry fear ;
His gracious smile can make the darkness fly,
Smooth all the road, and brighten all the sky.
" He is our sun :" his soul-reviving light,
Alone, can chase the horrors of the night.
" He is our shield :" when darts fly thick around,
They fall repell'd, and fix no deadly wound.
Our God, our Guide ! O may we never stray,
But trust his care, and keep the heav'nly way ;
Till safe we reach the happy seats of peace,
And darkness, grief, and pain, and danger cease.

THE ABSENT MUSE.

I.

How soft roll'd the hours, how serene was my heart,
When the Muse my companion, and friend,
Unknown to ambition, a stranger to art,
Deign'd oft on my call to attend !

II.

While she sooth'd all my cares, and my passions to rest,
(Sweet moments, why would you not stay !)
Delighted and easy I thought myself blest,
Nor envy'd the great, nor the gay.

III.

Ye gentle delusions ! ye dreams of delight !
And will ye approach me no more ?
Shall the scene be a desart, o'ershaded with night,
Which was sunshine and Eden before ?

IV.

No, the pleasures were real, though soon they withdrew;
And my cares I will call a long dream,
If the Muse will return, and present to my view
The scenes which were once my glad theme.

V.

When Urania appears, o'er the field and the grove
New verdure and beauty shall rise ;
The prospect shall brighten wherever I rove,
And Eden again meet my eyes.

VI.

How vain the dear hope !—She despises the lays
Which I once fondly thought she inspir'd ;
Unfetter'd, transported, with Hervey she strays,
Applauded, belov'd, and admir'd.

THE WASTE OF TIME.

OCCASIONED BY HEARING THESE LINES REPEATED :

" Another, and another, and the last,
" Are copies of the dull, defective past."

" THE *dull, defective !*" 'tis too faint a name,
For vile ingratitude, for guilt, and shame !—
Such is my conduct, when I waste away
In trifles, or in indolence, a day.
Each future minute is beyond my power :
Can India's mines procure a single hour ?
O much-neglected time, thy worth how high ?
Not thy least particle, the world can buy.
When heaven bestows this boon, it bids employ,
(O blest command !) in seeking endless joy.
And shall my thoughtless heart, ungrateful, waste
The present hour, as I have done the past ?
Forbid it, gracious God ! O let my soul
Obey reflection's strict, but kind control ;
And humbly bend before that awful eye,
Which marks my squander'd minutes as they fly ;

With deep contrition bend, and ardent pray
That love may turn his angry frown away :
Indulgent love, through that atoning blood,
In which alone I can approach to God.

To thee, great Advocate, to thee I fly,
And on thy righteousness alone rely.
O may thy spirit cleanse this guilty heart,
My pardon seal, and strength divine impart ;
And may my hours, if future hours are lent,
To nobler, higher purposes be spent.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

A DEATH-WATCH ! how distinct it beats !—in vain
It beats to me, nor brings one anxious pain.
Thou gloomy insect, oft inspiring fear,
Dreadful to superstition's list'ning ear ;
How many start to hear thy fancy'd knell,
Dismal and solemn as a passing bell !

And why must harmless insects be accus'd,
When daily, hourly warnings are refus'd ?
Each day, each hour, accosts my ear, or eye,
Some monitor, which bids prepare to die.

See yonder stalk ! there lately grew a flow'r,
'Tis gone, its glowing colours are no more.

That bush, where roses smil'd, and breath'd perfume !
How sweet their fragrance, and how gay their bloom !
A few days since they bloom'd, now dropt and lost :
Frail mortal life, behold how vain thy boast !
Hark, near my side, the clock, with solemn sound,
Tells me how life pursues his constant round !
Life on the wings of time flies swift away ;
My last will come, and this may be the day.
Each pain I feel, and every plaintive sigh,
What does it speak ? this truth—" I soon must die."
Must die ! Is this a melancholy sound,
When endless life begins its blissful round ?
Thy poison'd arrow, Death, wounds not the heart,
Which in the Saviour's blood can claim a part.
May this blest hope (dear solace of my soul !)
With heav'nly comfort all my fears control.
While faith points upward to the blest abode
Of life immortal, and my Saviour God,
May that bright world its radiant dawn impart,
And be each hour, a Death-watch to my heart.

THE FRIEND.

He is a friend, who scorns the little sphere
Of narrow self, and finds a joy sincere
To see another blest ; whose gen'rous heart
To all around would happiness impart,
If happiness were his : whose bosom glows
With warmth the frozen stoick never knows.

Divine Benevolence where friendship reigns,
And piety the sacred flame maintains.
This is the tie inviolate, which binds
In mutual friendship, harmonizing minds.
A friend, thus form'd, is form'd to give delight,
To brighten joy, and gild affliction's night:
His heart exults whene'er his friends rejoice,
And ev'ry pleasing pow'r, at friendship's voice,
Awakes to life, and bids the transport rise,
In grateful adoration to the skies.

But ah, how short the bright untroubled hour!
Soon clouds arise, and storms impending low'r,
And oft they burst upon the fainting heart;
Then friendship shews her noblest, kindest art,
Sustains the drooping powers, and helps to bear
The well-divided load of mutual care.
If griefs oppress, or threat'ning woes impend,
Dear solace then, to find a real friend!
He is a real friend, whose passions know
The anguish of communicated woe;
Who feels the deep distress when sorrow mourns,
And from his inmost heart the sigh returns.
The kindred sigh conveys a strange relief:
How cordial is society in grief!
Less are the woes, and lighter are the cares,
Which gentle, sympathizing friendship shares.
When humbly at the throne of grace we bend,
And ask its kindest blessings for a friend;
When for a friend our warmest wishes rise
In holy breathings to the pitying skies;

The sacred precept warrants those desires,
And heav'n will sure approve, what heav'n inspires.

O may I make my friend's distress my own,
Nor let my heart, unhappy, grieve alone:
In sorrow, may I never want a friend,
Nor when the wretched mourn, a tear to lend.

ON CHILDREN'S PLAY.

I.

OFT, when the child in wanton play
Exerts his little pow'rs,
And busy, trifling, toils away
In sports the circling hours;

II.

We smile to see his infant mind
So eager, so intent;
But growing years new follies find,
As much on trifles bent.

III.

Youth has its toys, when pleasure's charms
The fond pursuit invite:
But pleasure mocks th' extended arms;
Vain shadow of delight!

IV.

What are the joys of riper age?
By time is folly cur'd?
No, trifles still the heart engage,
And vanity matur'd.

V.

If glitt'ring riches tempt the eyes,
An envy'd, valu'd store ;
Thus children shells and counters prize,
And hoard and wish for more.

VI.

Or if aspiring fame employ's
The eager, gazing train ;
The paper-kite of sportive boys
Is not more light and vain.

VII.

Unsatisfy'd, and tir'd at last,
We must resign our breath,
Life's empty cares and follies past,
And ev'ning close in death.

VIII.

Thus children weary of their play,
With fretfulness oppress'd,
Throw all their little toys away,
And gently sink to rest.

IX.

Happy the mind, by heaven inspir'd
To scorn earth's empty toys ;
And with divine ambition fir'd,
Pursue sublimer joys !

X.

Then, when the cares of life are o'er,
The parting soul shall rise,
And scenes of happiness explore,
Immortal in the skies.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

WHAT is this world with all its gay delights ?
A gloomy wilderness of wide extent,
Where many winding paths perplex the choice,
And lead the unwary trav'ller's feet astray.
Here smiles an easy smooth-descending road,
In verdure cloath'd, and spread with blooming flow'rs :
The scene how fair !—but ruin waits its end.
There rugged looks the path, thick set with thorns,
Where many toil their weary hours away
In search of happiness amid the dust.
What crouds of wretched, erring minds I see,
Still disappointed, yet persisting still,
All strangers to the way which leads to rest !
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Attend their steps ; before them is a scene
Of various grief ; a labyrinth of woe ;
A dark, damp vale of tears. Though now and then
Prosperity's gay flatt'ring sunshine smiles,
Its brightest day is short, declining fast,
If not o'ercast with sable clouds at noon.
And oft its brightest day more fatal proves
Than dark adversity's tempestuous night.
It shines with sickly ray, and spreads around
Malignant ills ; malignant to the mind,
Stubborn disease, which med'cine cannot cure.
And if adversity's cold, wintry blast

Invade the shiv'ring heart, then comfort dies,
And solitary hope just lives, to warm
With some faint gleams of possible relief.

Thus pond'ring o'er the gloomy scenes of life,
The pensive muse attun'd her plaintive song.
Her eye dejected fix'd upon the ground,
Where thorny cares spontaneous rise, she sigh'd,
And wish'd a fairer prospect! smiling hope
Soft-whisp'ring, bids her lift her downcast eye,
And view the wild attentive. Now she sees
A beam etherial, dawning o'er the gloom
With cheering lustre, permanent and mild.
'Tis mercy! saving mercy! she can shield
From every ill, the trembling, trusting soul.
Beneath the shelter of her guardian wing
Not gay prosperity's malignant glow
Shall scorch, nor cold adversity shall freeze.
Amid the devious labyrinth she marks
The path divine, where heav'nly wisdom leads
Her favour'd vot'ries; narrow path, but safe.
There real pleasures rise, and sacred peace
Attend their steps; if thorny cares too near
Inflict a wound, kind mercy instant pours
A sovereign balm, to ease the burning pain.
There walks humility with cautious step;
On wisdom, gracious guide, she leans secure.
A thousand lurking snares her feet escape,
And o'er her head a thousand dangers fly,
Fly harmless. Patience there, and cheerful hope
Walk hand in hand; and faith with piercing eye

Looks forward through the shades, and joyful marks
Her journey's end, the radiant seats of day.

" Here fix your choice ;" immortal wisdom cries :
" To you, O sons of men, to you I call :
" O turn from erring folly. Fatal guide ;
" Her way is danger, and it ends in death.
" Turn to my path, here only can you find
" Content, which wretched thousands seek in vain.
" My path is safety ; and it leads to life,
" To life immortal, in the realms of bliss."

Indulgent mercy wafts the heav'nly sound,
Reviving to my heart. Yes, glorious guide,
To thy unerring conduct I resign
My steps, and bless the ever-gracious pow'r,
Which beam'd a ray of heav'n o'er this dark wild,
And led my feet to thy celestial path,
The path of peace, and life, and endless joy.

TO THE VOTARIES OF PLEASURE.

Ye mirthful tribes, who careless, vain, and gay,
In pleasure's flowery paths untiring stray ;
Say, can you boast content ? Ah, no ; the sigh,
Involuntary, breathes your sad reply.
And conscience speaks : attend the friendly pow'r ;
Indulge one serious, one reflecting hour.
Earth's soft allurements, empty, light, and vain,
Are dreams of joy ; you wake to real pain.

When pleasure dawns, serenely fair and bright,
'Tis shaded soon with clouds, and lost in night :
Yet still you fondly court its flatt'ring smiles ;
Again it glitters, and again beguiles.
Will you be tempted thus with painted charms,
And follow shadows with extended arms ?
While nobler pleasures stand neglected by,
Nor move your heart, nor raise your languid eye ?
Delights refin'd, and lasting, court your choice,
And heav'nly wisdom sues with melting voice :
" How long, deluded, wretched souls ; how long
" Shall pleasure sooth you with her syren song ?
" Ah fly the fatal smile, th' enchanting strain,
" And let the gay deceiver tempt in vain."
Turn at the friendly call ; O yet be wise,
To real pleasures raise your cheated eyes.
May the kind admonition, deep imprest,
Dwell on your hearts, and teach you to be blest !
Think where you tread !—the path which looks so gay,
Is ruin's sure, inevitable way.
Think—life immortal, or eternal death,
Precarious trembles on a moment's breath.
This single moment's yours—the next may bear
Your souls to endless darkness and despair.
Fly from the world's deluding, tempting wiles,
While time is yours, and heav'nly mercy smiles :
From sin, from all its soul-destroying charms,
Fly to the great Redeemer's open arms.
Now with a gentle, kind, inviting voice,
He calls, he courts you to immortal joys.
O hear those winning accents, hear and prove

The boundless blessings of his pard'ning love.
Ere long, that slighted voice, with dreadful sound,
Shall with the keenest pangs of terror wound ;
Shall wound those guilty souls, who dare despise
His sov'reign grace ; nor life nor glory prize.
Before his dreadful bar you must appear :
That awful, that tremendous hour, how near
To you unknown ; yet ev'ry moment brings
Th' important period nearer on its wings.
How will your now unmov'd, relentless heart
Then bear the word, the dreadful word, Depart ?
Depart condemn'd, accursed down to hell,
Where black despair, and endless torment dwell ?
In time reflect, and tremble at the view,
The fatal path to death no more pursue.
Fly for your lives, to safety instant fly ;
Ah, wretched ling'ring souls, why will you die ?
While heav'nly patience lengthens out your day,
And God's unerring word directs the way,
O seize the fleeting hour, the precious Now,
And at the Saviour's feet for mercy bow.

ON THE PUBLICK FAST.

FEBRUARY 6, 1756.

I.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend !
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

II.

* Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

III.

Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are ?
O be these awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, Forbear.

IV.

What num'rous crimes increasing rise
O'er all this wretched isle !
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile !

V.

How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name !

VI.

O bid us turn, almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

VII.

Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

* Earthquake at Lisbon, &c.

NATIONAL JUDGMENTS DEPRECATED.

ON THE FAST. FEB. 11, 1757.

I.

While justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful pow'r
With fear and trembling we adore.

II.

Where shall we fly, but to thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

III.

While peace and plenty bless'd our days,
Where was the tribute of thy praise?
Ungrateful race! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent?

IV.

Pale famine now, and wasting war,
With threat'ning frown thy wrath declare;
But war and famine are thy slaves,
Nor can destroy when mercy saves.

V.

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long-suffering patience fail.

VI.

Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
May we not plead the blest record,
That when a humbled nation mourns,
Thy rising wrath to pity turns.

VII.

O let thy sov'reign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart,
And bid sincere repentance flow,
A gen'ral, undissembled woe.

VIII.

Our arms, O God of armies, bless,
Thy hand alone can give success,
And make our haughty neighbours own
That heav'n protects the British throne.

IX.

Fair smiling peace again restore,
With plenty bless the pining poor,
And may a happy thankful land
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

ON THE SAME. PLEADING FOR MERCY.

I.

Come, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay,
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.

II.

In armies, fleets, or strong allies,
No more we place our trust ;
On God alone, our hope relies,
Kind, potent, wise, and just.

III.

Great is our guilt, our fears are great ;
But let us not despair ;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

IV.

Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe ;
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

V.

O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
Attend thy Britain's cry ;
Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye.

VI.

Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

NATIONAL JUDGMENTS AND MERCIES A CALL TO REPENTANCE. Nov. 1757.

I.

LONG has divine compassion strove
With this rebellious land ;
O justice, long has pleading love
Withheld thy dreadful hand.

II.

At length, ye Britons, lift your eyes,
Your crimes no more pursue ;
Behold the gath'ring tempest rise,
And tremble at the view !

III.

See, fraught with vengeance, how it spreads !
To mercy instant fly ;
Ere yet it burst upon your heads,
Repent, repent—or die.

IV.

Late raging storm*, 'twas mercy stay'd,
Her voice destruction heard,
Th' impetuous winds her voice obey'd,
And awful justice spar'd.

V.

Shall every warning be in vain
Your ruin to prevent ?
Indulgent mercy calls again,
Return, repent ! repent !

* Off Louisbourg.

VI.

The voice, ye Britons, hear with awe,
O hear, and turn to God ;
Lest mercy, long abus'd, withdraw,
And leave you to the rod.

VII.

Almighty God, thy pow'rful grace
Can change us, and forgive ;
Can save a guilty rebel race,
Ann say, Repent, and live.

VIII.

O let thy pow'rful grace appear,
And justice sheath her sword ;
Then shall a rescu'd nation fear,
And love, and praise the Lord.

THE INVOCATION.

I.

Say, gentle Muse, who oft has deign'd
With humble solitude to dwell ;
Whose cheering visits, in the lonely cell,
With tuneful numbers sooth'd my pain,
And bade the sadly-pleasing strain,
To ease my woe,
Harmonious flow ;
And pensive care sat list'ning while my song complain'd.

II.

Say, wilt thou ne'er return ?
And must I ever mourn ?
And must I ever tune in vain
The dull unanimated strain ?
O come, the languid notes inspire,
Once more awake the sacred lyre,
And teach my song on stronger wings to rise.
Unmindful of her heavenly birth,
My grov'ling soul sinks down to earth ;
And while she tries
In vain to rise,
Clouds interpose, and veil the distant skies.

III.

Come, sweet URANIA, come, thy cheering pow'r
Once more impart
To warm my heart :
To thee I would devote this solemn, silent hour.
Retir'd from company and noise,
Amusement flies ; her idle, flutt'ring train
Reflection, sighing, owns are empty, light, and vain,
And bids my heart aspire to nobler joys :

IV.

To nobler joys than earth bestows,
Were earth, in all her fairest charms,
To lure my eyes, and tempt my arms,
And try to gain my heart.
My heart replies
In painful sighs
Vain world, depart !
Thy soft allurements all are vain ;

Thy sweetest pleasures are but gilded woes,
Thy brightest scenes are clouded soon, and dark'ning end in pain.

V.

Come, heav'n-born faith, fair seraph, come;
How weak the muse's pow'r without thy aid!
Thy radiant eye can pierce the gloom,
Can guide her doubtful flight,
Beyond the seats of night,
And point afar
The morning-star,
Which cheers with heav'n's sweet dawn this mortal shade!

VI.

Here let my invocation end;
Or rather here begin!
Bright morning-star, thy blissful ray
Can chase this mortal shade away,
This night of death and sin.
Before thy all-enlivening eye,
Death, sin, and fear, and terror fly,
And hope looks up and hails the rising day.
Then comfort smiles, desire and faith ascend,
Kind messenger of life, on thee my hopes depend.

VII.

Bright morning-star, when wilt thou rise
On this benighted heart?
Thou art my light, and thou my guide:
O come, and bless my longing eyes,
Dispel these gloomy clouds which hide
Thy soul-reviving light;

Break with immortal radiance, through the night,
And in thy healing beams, the dawn of heav'n impart.

VIII.

Thy beams alone can bring my day ;
O shine with soul-attracting ray,
Till darkness, sin, and doubt retire,
And raise my languid heart, and bid my hope aspire
To bliss unmingled and refin'd ;
Bright scenes unknown below,
Without a shade of woe,
Immortal pleasures, worthy of the mind !
Then shall the muse awake the sacred lyre ;
Then shall her sweetest notes harmonious rise,
And bear my thoughts enraptur'd to the skies,
While love and thankful joy the votive song inspire.

TO FLORIO.

I.

For blooming happiness young Florio sighs ;
And yonder, see, the lovely stranger wait !
Desire, impatient, sparkles in his eyes,
Till wealth conduct her smiling to his gate.

II.

Here, Florio, take this glass,* and look again ;
You'll find 'tis distance makes her seem so fair.
She must be yours,—nor shall you sigh in vain—
Not blooming happiness, but wrinkled care :

* The Bible.

III.

Companion of your life ; for heaven ordains
That care with riches is a constant guest ;
Yet fond, mistaking mortals court her chains,
And think her tyrant sway will make them blest.

IV.

But upward point that glass of truth, and see
A fairer guest, descending from the sky,
Celestial hope ! 'tis she, my friend, 'tis she
Who never pains the heart, or cheats the eye.

V.

Kind hope, she rules the mind with sweet control,
Her voice is harmony ! propitious fair !
She calms, inspires, and animates the soul,
And wins a smile from gloomy frowning care.

VI.

Care plants a thorny forest on the plain,
And teazing, bids you trace that forest o'er
In search of happiness, but still in vain
Your weary steps the mazy wild explore.

VII.

Celestial hope relieves your anxious mind,
While through the gloom the dear supporter guides
Your doubtful way, and whispers, " You shall find
"(Though distant far) where happiness resides.

VIII.

" See, the shades open !—now direct your eye,
" A beam of glory points her bright abode,
" Beyond the reach of care, above the sky :
" This glass, this faithful glass will shew the road."

TO BELINDA.

I.

BELINDA to her utmost wish is blest !
But stay, my friend—that hasty thought review—
New wishes yet will rise to break your rest ;
And if not lasting, can your bliss be true ?

II.

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it there ;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms, but in celestial air.

III.

Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown
In here and there a mind of heav'nly mould ;
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er is known
To blossom fair, the climate is too cold.

IV.

Ah no, Belinda, you have only found
Some flower that charms your fancy, gaily dress'd
In shining dyes, a native of the ground,
And think you are of happiness possess'd.

V.

But mark its date, to-morrow you may find
The colours fade, the lovely form decay :
And can that pleasure satisfy the mind,
Which blooms, and fades, the solace of a day ?

VI.

O may your erring wishes learn to rise
Beyond the transient bliss which fancy knows !
Search not on earth, explore its native skies ;
There happiness in full perfection grows.

RESIGNATION.

I.

WEARY of these low scenes of night,
My fainting heart grows sick of time,
Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
Sighs for a distant, happier clime !

II.

Ah why that sigh ?—peace, coward heart,
And learn to bear thy lot of woe :
Look round—how easy is thy part
To what thy fellow-suff'rers know.

III.

Are not the sorrows of the mind
Entail'd on ev'ry mortal birth ?
Convinc'd, hast thou not long resign'd
The flattering hope of bliss on earth ?

IV.

'Tis just, 'tis right ; thus he ordains,
Who form'd this animated clod ;
That needful cares, instructive pains,
May bring the restless heart to God.

V.

In him, my soul, behold thy rest,
Nor hope for bliss below the sky :
Come, resignation, to my breast,
And silence every plaintive sigh.

VI.

Come, Faith, and Hope, celestial pair !
Calm resignation waits on you ;
Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
Point out a soul-enlivening view.

VII.

Parent of good, 'tis thine to give
These cheerful graces to the mind :
Smile on my soul, and bid me live
Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd.

VIII.

Thy smile,—sweet dawn of endless day !
Can make my weary spirit blest ;
While on my Father's hand I stay,
And in his love securely rest.

IX.

My Father, dear, delightful name !
Replete with life, and joy sincere !
O wilt thou gracious, seal my claim,
And banish every anxious fear.

X.

Then, cheerful shall my heart survey
The toils, and dangers of the road ;
And patient keep the heav'nly way,
Which leads me homewards to my God.

AN EVENING WALK.

I.

From the philosophic grove,
Where enlarg'd ideas rove,
In earth, or air, collecting sweets divine :
Or the lonely rural cell,
Where the humble virtues dwell,
Unenvy'd dwell ; and yet how fair they shine !

II.

Meditation, pleasing guest !
Come to this desiring breast,
And make it, like the ev'ning air, serene !
See, what cheerful verdure spreads
O'er the fields, and o'er the meads,
And trace the beauties of the vernal scene.

III.

Beauties, ah how short their boast !
Now they bloom—and now they're lost,
And all that looks so gay, shall cease to charm !
—Melancholy thought—away—
Not in vain is nature gay,
She bids expectant hope the bosom warm.

IV.

Hope with ever-cheerful eye
O'er yon verdant fields can spy
Fair plenty pour profuse the future bread :
On the rosy-blossom'd trees,
Smiling—fading—now she sees
Autumnal fruits, their richer beauties spread.

V.

Meditation, come away,
Hope attends thee, ever gay ;
Come, sweet companions, tune my artless lays !
Nature's every various grace,
While my thoughts with wonder trace,
O may that wonder wake my heart to praise !

VI.

Can I view with languid thought,
All the scene with blessings fraught,
Nor own the bounteous hand from whence they flow ?
See, how wisdom, goodness, pow'r,
Join to bid my heart adore,
And pay the debt of praise I hourly owe !

VII.

Praise, a tribute ah how poor !
Language, what is all thy store,
My boundless obligations to display ?
Bid the earth-born reptile try,
Looking upward to the sky
To count the blessings of the source of day.

VIII.

Faint are all the notes I raise,
Lord, accept my wish to praise !
To thee my heart, to thee my all belongs :
Thy inspiring grace impart,
Teach the breathings of my heart
To praise thee better than my feeble songs.

THE HUMBLE CLAIM.

My God—important, glorious, blissful name !
Can I without a fear, assert my claim ?
I fear, yet hope, I doubt, and yet desire,
Now tremble low on earth, and now aspire,
Aspire to love—ah vile, ungrateful heart !
Canst thou sincerely love, and yet depart,
So oft depart, entic'd by earthly toys,
In chace of dreams forsake substantial joys ?

His word recalls my heart, invites my trust ;
That word reveals him, merciful and just :
Kind mercy, smiling power, forbids despair ;
But who, O justice, who thy frown can bear ?
He bore the frown, the stroke of justice, He
Who dy'd for man—O may I say, for me !
Then justice sheath'd her sword, and reconcil'd,
Own'd the full ransom paid—and mercy smil'd,
Triumphant mercy !—how divinely bright !
How angels gaz'd, and wonder'd at the sight !
Had angels cause of wonder ? Man has more ;
Yes, dearest Lord, I wonder, love, adore !
My Saviour, O permit my humble trust,
Permit my soul, though mourning in the dust,
To look to thee, my hope, my only stay !
And sure, thou wilt not frown my soul away,
For thou art love ; thou wilt not say, " Depart,"
But, " give me, trembling sinner, all thy heart."

To thee, my heart, dear Saviour, I resign ;
Thy grace with sweet constraint can make it thine :
Vile wretched heart ! thy pow'rful grace alone
Can cleanse, renew, and make it all thy own.
O let thy love, thy all-prevailing love,
Possess my heart, and every fear remove !
Then shall my soul assert her joyful claim,
Great Mediator, in thy worthy name !
Then shall I say, my God, with full delight,
While all his promises my trust invite !
My God, transporting accents ! bliss divine !
Indulge the claim, O let me call thee mine !
O may my panting heart to thee aspire,
With restless wishes, with intense desire,
Till full assurance of thy love impart
The dawn of heaven to my enraptur'd heart !

Ah, what is earth, with all her flattering toys !
Ye dreams begone—I seek substantial joys !
Substantial joys those glorious words contain,
My God !—let not my heart repeat in vain,
My God ! O seal my claim, and I am blest !
Here my hope terminates, my wishes rest,
Of full, unbounded happiness possest.

THE PROSPECT.

To Melancholy, softly-pensive power,
As late I gave the solitary hour ;
Before my thoughts, in long succession, rose

The sadly-varied train of human woes.
To contemplation's mount, serene retreat !
The muse indulgent led my willing feet ;
And while I view'd th' extended prospect round,
She bade the soothing, plaintive lyre resound.

Here, on a verdant plain bespread with flowers,
The sons of mirth indulge their sprightly pow'rs ;
With roses crown'd, how blithsome, light, and gay,
They dance and sing the flying hours away !
Reflection, care, and foresight, all retreat,
For here hath pleasure only fix'd her seat :
Her wretched vot'ries court her silken chains
For present joy, nor dreams of future pains.
Death ready arm'd attends, and marks unseen,
His fated victims in the mirthful scene.
Ha !—whence that groan ?—from yonder gloomy cell :
So near the seats of joy can anguish dwell ?
Yes, keenest anguish there and terror reign :
Oh, would the thoughtless, laughing, frolic train
Attend, nor let that warning groan be vain !

Unlike to these, yon restless tribe behold !
Their lives, incessant toil ; their idol, gold ;
Close at their heels attends corroding care,
On either side, distrust and anxious fear.
To friendship strangers, and to social joys ;
The wish of wealth their sordid souls employs.
Their hopes, their cares, are lost in glitt'ring dust :
The toil how fruitless ! and how vain the trust !
Insidious death prepares his ruthless dart,
To rend the idol from the bleeding heart.

And now a diff'rent scene my eye surveys,
An eager throng, the candidates for praise.
To gain the envy'd height, where fame bestows
Her fairest wreath, each panting bosom glows.
The glorious prize inspires their ardent toils,
Till on their brow the dear-bought laurel smiles.
Behold the sons of valour, learning, wit ;
High on an eminence sublime they sit,
With crowds of flatt'rers fawning at their feet.
But see, malignant envy stealing nigh !
She breathes—the tainted laurels droop and die,
The changeful many mark the dire disgrace,
And pluck the little pageants from their place.
Surprizing change ! almost ador'd before,
Now nam'd with infamy, or nam'd no more.

Such mournful scenes, what heart unmov'd could bear ?
Soft pity dropp'd the unavailing tear.
" Ah, wretched mortals ! a deluded train !
" Their hopes, their joys, their busy cares, how vain ;"
Are gifts like these, O earth, thy proudest boast ?
Thy fav'rites prove their value to their cost.
'Tis then their real estimate we know,
When fame, wealth, pleasure, end in death or woe.
The view how doleful, did there not appear
A few of mien sedate, and cheerful air.
A happy few, whom true religion guides,
Points out their path, and o'er their steps presides !
When griefs oppress, her gentle hand sustains ;
Her cheering voice can soften all their pains.

Though arrows, wing'd with danger, fly around,
She wards the stroke, or heals the smarting wound.
Her sacred dictates they with joy obey,
Nor wish to leave the heaven-directed way.
Nor fame allures, nor pleasure's silken chain,
Nor glitt'ring dust, their nobler thoughts detain:
Desire and hope sit smiling in their eyes,
With patience temper'd; while the distant skies
Attract their upward glance, and speak their care,
And speak their joy and expectation there.
Hail, heaven-taught minds! my heart your friendship claims;
Be mine your cares, and hopes, your joys and aims.

O for a beam of glory from above,
To bid the intervening clouds remove;
From earth's low dregs to purge the visual ray,
And clear my prospect to the realms of day.
Dim is the eye of sense; but faith supplies
(Inspir'd by heaven) what feeble sense denies.
In revelation's glass, celestial aid,
Applied by faith, what wonders are display'd!
What boundless glories open to the view!
And joys forever bright! forever new!
Unfading honours! pleasures all refin'd!
And riches lasting as th' immortal mind!
There full delight, a boundless river, flows!
There unforbid, the tree of knowledge grows!
And there the tree of life invites the taste
To fruits celestial, an immortal feast!
There an unfading verdure clothes the plains,

And constant spring in perfect beauty reigns.
A paradise with every joy replete !
Nor pain, nor care invade the safe retreat :
For there the living source of bliss displays,
Without a cloud, his life-inspiring rays.
No mortal ear has known, no mortal eye,
No stretch of human thought can e'er descry,
Nor faith with heaven-imparted ardour trace
The endless glories of the blissful place.

Oh, happy fav'rites of almighty love,
Whose hopes, and cares, and hearts, are fix'd above !
Stern death to these no frown of terror wears ;
Kind envoy from their Father's court, he bears
His blest commission, to dissolve the tie
Which holds their longing spirits from the sky.

Now rise my wishes high to joys divine ;
O may this state, this blissful state, be mine !
Great Spring of life, to thee my heart aspires,
Forgive and animate these faint desires.
Thou ever-gracious, potent, wise, and just,
Whose promis'd aid invites my humble trust ;
Instruct my feet to shun, with constant care,
The path where pleasure spreads the tempting snare :
Teach me to scorn the joys of treasur'd earth :
Ignoble aim, unworthy of my birth,
Beneath my hopes ; nor let deluding fame
Allure me with the empty sound, a name !
Thy favour is my wish ; for this alone
Is honour, boundless pleasure, wealth unknown.

My God, my guide, thy guardian care display,
And let thy blissful presence cheer my way,
Through life's bewilder'd maze, in every scene,
My light in darkness, my support in pain.
At death's approach, O let thy smile impart
Celestial consolation to my heart ;
Thy gracious smile shall banish every fear,
And gentle death without a frown appear :
Kind messenger, to bear me to my God,
To dwell forever in thy bright abode !

DESIRING TO BID ADIEU TO THE WORLD.

I.

VEXATIOUS world, thy flattering snares
Too long have held my easy heart ;
And shalt thou still engross my cares ?
Vain world, depart.

II.

I want delights thou canst not give,
Thy joys are bitterness and woe ;
My pining spirit cannot live
On aught below.

III.

Enchanting prospects court the eye,
And gay alluring pleasures smile ;
But in the fond pursuit they die :
Ah fruitless toil !

IV.

But grief, substantial grief is here,
As gloomy as Egyptian night ;
When will the smiling dawn appear
Of true delight ?

V.

How oft convinc'd shall I complain
That happiness cannot be found ?
Yet sighing, mourning, still in vain,
Cleave to the ground.

VI.

Look, Sov'reign Goodness, from the skies,
Look down with gently-pitying eye ;
O bid my fainting spirit rise :
To thee I sigh.

VII.

With beams of sweet celestial light,
Dispel the dark oppressive gloom ;
Display the mansions of delight,
And bid me come.

VIII.

Those shining realms of endless day
Could I one happy moment view,
Then should my soul with transports say,
Vain world, adieu.

OCCASIONED BY READING MR. GRAY'S HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

I.

O KIND Adversity, thou friend to truth !
By thee to virtue form'd, the human mind
Disdains the vanities of heedless youth ;
How roving else, and ignorant, and blind !

II.

When flatt'ring fortune shines with gaudy blaze,
In facinating chains she holds the eye ;
The mind is lost in error's fatal maze,
And dreams of lasting bliss below the sky.

III.

Thy friendly admonitions rouse the soul,
Conviction rises strong to break the snare ;
Truth, (heav'nly guide !) appears with kind control,
And fortune's painted scenes are lost in air.

IV.

Though rough thy aspect, and thy frown severe,
'Tis but to bend the proud, the stubborn heart ;
A soft emollient is thy briny tear,
And thy corrosives pain with healing smart.

V.

The kindest, gentlest virtues form thy train ;
Reflection comes with pensive musing eye,
And humble penitence, that not in vain
Presents to heaven the supplicating eye.

VI.

Meek patience looks unmov'd on pain and care ;
While cheerful hope with peace-inspiring smile,
Points forward, through the gloom, celestial fair !
The woes of life, her whisper can beguile.

VII.

Beyond the woes of life she lifts her eyes,
And often meditates a joyful flight ;
By faith, her radiant sister, taught to rise,
To distant prospects of immense delight.

VIII.

O kind adversity, without thy aid,
How faintly would these virtues warm the breast !
Why should I tremble at thy darksome shade ?
For who without adversity is blest ?

IX.

Thy wholesome cold, like winter, kills the weeds
Which in th' uncultur'd mind luxuriant rise ;
Then heav'nly wisdom sows her precious seeds,
Nor shall they want the blessings of the skies.

X.

But O may heaven thy rig'rous hand restrain,
Mayst thou correct and teach, but not destroy !
Thy needful lessons then shall not be vain,
And thy short sorrows work my lasting joy.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming dies.

II.

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more :
Ah ! where are now those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before ?

III.

The once lov'd form now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

IV.

But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo, stern winter flies ;
And drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

V.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time ;
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

VI.

Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

TO DELIA PENSIVE.

I.

Say, Delia, whence these cares arise,
These anxious cares which rack your breast ?
If heaven is infinitely wise,
What heav'n ordains, is right, is best.

II.

'Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine,
Which mingles blessings with our cares ;
And shall our thankless hearts repine
That we obtain not all our prayers ?

III.

From diffidence our sorrows flow ;
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
Bend down their eyes to earth and woe,
And doubt if providence is kind.

IV.

Should heaven with every wish comply,
Say, would the grant relieve the care ?
Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
Might change its name, and prove a snare.

V.

Were once our vain desires subdu'd,
The will resign'd, the heart at rest ;
In ev'ry scene we should conclude,
The will of heav'n is right, is best.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

I.

WHEN SPRING displays her various sweets,
And op'ning blossoms cheer the eyes,
And fancy ev'ry beauty meets,
Whence does the pleasing transport rise ?

II.

Soon will their transient date expire,
They fly and mock the fond pursuit ;
New pleasures then the thought inspire,
And bounteous AUTUMN yields her fruit.

III.

Where smiling beauties charm'd the sight,
Whose fragrance bless'd the vernal hours ;
Nectarious fruits the taste invite,
And compensate for faded flow'rs.

IV.

Thus, when the spring of youth decays,
Though deck'd with blossoms sweet and fair,
Autumn a nobler scene displays,
If fruits of virtue flourish there.

V.

For this the vernal buds arise ;
But, if no useful virtues grow,
Their worthless beauty quickly flies,
And blossoms only serv'd for show.

TO VARIO.

I.

Go, Vario, trace creation's ample round,
In search of happiness your cares employ ;
And when the dear, important good is found,
Say is it permanent, or real joy ?

II.

If real, why, when distant pleasures rise,
Does glad expectance sparkle in your eye ?
Say why, when near, the satisfaction flies,
And disappointment heaves the painful sigh ?

III.

Or grant your heart should all its wish possess,
How keen the fears of deprivation sting !
How can the present good have pow'r to bless,
Which hangs precarious on a moment's wing ?

IV.

Be happy—what on earth ! the thought how vain !
Earth cannot give a permanent delight ;
As sure must fleeting pleasure yield to pain,
As day retreats before approaching night.

V.

Yet is not heav'n unkind, which shades with woe
The chequer'd scene, to bid our wishes rise ;
Could real, lasting bliss be found below,
Why should we seek for mansions in the skies ?

TO AMIRA ON HER RECOVERY.

ONCE more has heav'n indulgent heard our prayers,
And spar'd your life ! O be the mercy wrote,
In lasting characters of duteous love,
On every heart ; and may Amira be
A living monument of grateful praise.
New mercies call for new returns of love
And glad obedience, to the bounteous hand
From whence they flow, through all our future lives.
When sorrows rise, let sweet reflection call
Past favours o'er ; and while we wond'ring trace
The steps of providence, adoring, own
Pow'r, wisdom, love and truth, display'd in all.
And these can never change ; here let our souls
With humble trust, and cheerful hope recline.
May every pain be sweeten'd by content,
And calm submission to a Father's hand.
A father ! O endearing, tender name !
And will the Lord of angels condescend
To call us children ? Yes, almighty love
With more than tenderness paternal, deigns
To sooth our cares : how kind his gentle hand,

Who while he chastens, pities, and supports
Our fainting spirits ! though an angry frown
Becloud his face, how soon the gloom withdraws !
How soon divine forgiveness smiles serene !
O may his mercies be our constant theme,
And warm our hearts, and tune our lips to praise,
And heighten joy to transport, while we view
The boundless spring of bliss from whence they flow ;
Who bids our hope aspire to greater joys ;
To joys beyond the reach of time or care,
Reserv'd for those who love him ! may our hearts
Rise often on the wings of faith and love
To those divine abodes, where not a cloud
Of pain or sorrow spreads a moment's gloom,
To shade the blissful scene, for God unveils
His radiant face, and spreads eternal day.

TO THE SAME, ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

I.

So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour !
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die !
To certain trouble we are born,
Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn.
Ah wretched effort ! sad relief,
To plead necessity of grief !

Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart ?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot bear ?
Can reason's dictates be obey'd ?
Too weak, alas, her strongest aid !
O let religion then be nigh,
Her comforts were not made to die ;
Her pow'rful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control ;
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky ;
The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys unknown to sense invite,
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

THE COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

I.

O BLEST religion, heav'nly fair !
Thy kind, thy healing power,
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

II.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
The trembling heart invade ;
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade :

III.

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul,
And every fear shall lose its rage
At thy divine control.

IV.

Through life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
Thy hand unerring leads ;
And o'er the path, thy heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

V.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid ;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thy aid !

VI.

O let my heart confess thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

THE DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE A PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.

WHAT is this thinking pow'r, this active mind,
Which nought on earth can satiate, nought can bound?
Restless it roams the wide creation o'er
In search of something more than sense can give.
Whate'er delights, the senses must decline;
'Tis short-liv'd pleasure, momentary joy.
The senses soon are tir'd, and sink to rest.
The mind, unsatisfy'd, looks onward still,
And asks delights more noble and refin'd,
More permanent and full; 'tis knowledge fires
Its ardent wish, and tempts the warm pursuit.
This is the food of minds! 'tis angels' food!
Those happy spirits feast with full delight,—
But here we only taste, and long to feed.

Surely, the mind must be akin to heaven;
For heaven, all-wise, and infinitely good,
Implants not these sublime desires in vain.
If nought below immortal joys can fill
The mind, the mind must be immortal too.
Inquisitive and restless, now she soars
Beyond the narrow bounds of earth and time,
To reach the blissful seats, where knowledge spreads
In rich variety her boundless feast.
But soon she tires, and droops her feeble wing,

Oppress'd with heavy clay, and sinks to earth :
Yet here reluctant stays, though earth allure
With soothing arts and promises of joy.
The gay amusement for a moment smiles
In painted dreams ; again the mind awakes,
And starts disdainful from the couch of ease.
Now with expanded wings, again she tempts
The airy flight ; but tempts, alas, in vain ;
Flutters in wild conjecture's giddy rounds,
Sinks down amid the shades of mortal night,
And mourns her fetters, and her feeble wings.

But hope, dear comforter, relieves her care,
Celestial hope ! her smiling presence cheers
The sable gloom, and beams a healing ray :
Her gentle, peace-inspiring whisper bids
Look forward to a nobler, happier state ;
When minds releas'd from all the chains of flesh,
And all the toys of sense, shall rise enlarg'd
To perfect freedom and unbounded bliss.

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1 CORINTHIANS, xiii.

PARAPHRASED.

WERE all the power of elocution mine,
An angel's voice, and harmony divine ;
The boasted gifts, with charity uncrown'd,
Were like the tinkling cymbal's empty sound.

Endow'd with knowledge—though before my eye,
Display'd the ample fields of science lie ;
The pow'r of miracles could I attain,
If charity be wanting, all is vain !
To feed the hungry, and relieve the poor,
Should zeal mistaken lavish all my store ;
Nay, should I give my body to the flame,
And win the glory of a martyr's name :
If charity be absent, all is lost,
My zeal is but an empty, idle boast !

Sweet charity, long-suff'ring, meek and kind,
Inspires with peace and joy the humble mind.
Her heart no proud disdainful passion swells,
Nor envy in her gentle bosom dwells :
No unbecoming selfish care she knows,
But ev'ry social virtue round her flows :
Averse to take affronts her placid smile
Looks down on malice, and suspects no guile.
She finds no joy in sin's deceitful charms,
For sacred truth with nobler pleasure warms.
The num'rous ills of life she patient bears,
While faith looks upward, and forbids her fears ;
Hope rises cheerful, with expectant smiles,
And all the tedious hours of pain beguiles.

Immortal charity improv'd shall shine,
When prophecies and tongues their pow'r resign ;
When mortal knowledge fails its glimm'ring ray,
Lost in the blaze of full etherial day.
Imperfect all we teach, and all we know,

In this frail state, this little world below ;
But when we reach the worlds of heav'nly light,
Then shall fair knowledge shine forever bright ;
Nor the least shade of imperfection rise
In all the blissful regions of the skies.

When reason dawns upon the infant mind,
How low the thoughts ! the knowledge how confin'd !
But when th' increasing ray full vigour gains,
What once the child admir'd, the man disdains.
How weak the best ideas form'd below !
The fairest, brightest views which mortals know,
Like distant objects in perspective show.
But when the bright meridian shall appear,
Our eyes shall see the heav'nly glories near ;
These weak, faint notions, shall forgotten die,
Amid the boundless wonders of the sky.

Faith, hope, and charity, on earth remain,
To guide our steps, and sweeten mortal pain ;
But lovely charity superior shines,
Till perfect bliss the sacred flame refines.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

I.

Come, friendship, tune the pleasing lyre,
For harmony is thine ;
Philander's joys the song inspire,
Philander's joys are mine.

II.

Our hearts, so late oppress'd with fear,
Forget the anxious sigh ;
And dawning pleasures now appear
In ev'ry kindred eye.

III.

Propitious heav'n that smil'd before,
To make Philander blest,
Indulgent sends this blessing more,
And sweetens all the rest.

IV.

The dear-lov'd blessing while we view,
And pleasing passions rise,
Be love and praise, so justly due,
Paid grateful to the skies.

V.

With love supreme be heav'n ador'd ;
Still may our passions own
The bounteous giver as their Lord,
Nor idolize the boon.

TO THE MOTHER.

I.

Say, while you press, with growing love,
The darling to your breast,
And all a mother's pleasures prove,
Are you entirely blest ?

II.

Ah, no ! a thousand tender cares
By turns your thoughts employ,
Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief succeeds to joy.

III.

Dear innocent, her lovely smiles
With what delight you view !
But every pain the infant feels,
The mother feels it too.

IV.

Then whispers busy cruel fear,
The child, alas, may die !
And nature prompts the ready tear,
And heaves the rising sigh.

V.

Say, does not heaven our comforts mix
With more than equal pain ;
To teach us if our hearts we fix
On earth, we fix in vain ?

VI.

Then be our earthly joys resign'd,
Since here we cannot rest ;
For earthly joys were ne'er design'd
To make us fully blest.

THE TULIP AND THE VIOLET.

I.

See yonder gaudy tulip rise,
And to the sun her leaves display ;
My fancy gives her voice and eyes,
And thus the boaster seems to say.

II.

" Queen of the gay parterre I reign ;
" My glowing dyes, how bright they shine !
" The flow'rs unfold their bloom in vain ;
" No flow'r has charms to rival mine.

III.

" By nature meant for regal sway,
" Tall and majestic I appear ;
" Ye subject tribes, your queen obey,
" My high command, submissive hear.

IV.

" When I unfold my matchless bloom,
" And to the noon my beauties spread ;
" Let no aspiring flow'r presume
" Near me, to lift her abject head."

V.

The flow'rs are silent while she speaks,
And only blush to hear her pride.
The silence now a Violet breaks,
That crept unheeded near her side.

VI.

" Thy arrogance, imperious flow'r,
" To real worth hath made thee blind ;
" Thy vaunted beauties of an hour
" Are charms of an inferior kind.

VII.

" From thee no fragrant odours breathe,
" No healing gift thy leaves bestow ;
" The flow'rs thou view'st with scorn beneath,
" Can more pretence to merit show.

VIII.

" The cowslip's virtues, and my own,
" Let man, let grateful man confess ;
" To him our real worth is known,
" Thee he admires but for thy dress."

IX.

The friendly hint, ye list'ning fair,
Reflection bids the muse apply ;
Let useful virtues be your care,
Nor boast your power to please the eye.

CAPTIVITY.

Angels, happy spirits, say,
When you trace the airy way,
Sent on messages of love,
From the radiant courts above,
Down to these abodes of night,
Far from empyrean light ;

Say, can blest immortals know
Sympathy from human woe,
While you view the scenes of pain,
Captives struggling with their chain ?
Hated chain, that binds to earth
Spirits of etherial birth ;
Birth at first to yours akin,
Now enslav'd, alas ! by sin ;
Cursed sin, the source of woe,
All the miseries below
From the hateful tyrant flow !
Yet we bear the cruel chain,
Only now and then complain ;
Now and then, with mournful eye,
Raise a wish, and breathe a sigh,
Upward to our native sky.
But how soon to liberty,
Cold and negligent are we,
Sink supine, and dream of ease !
How, alas ! can fetters please ?
Can we hope for crowns on high,
Yet content in bondage lie,
Exiles from the blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God ?
Surely if the sons of bliss
Feel a grief, it must be this.

O for one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day !
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Chase the slumbers from our eyes,

Melt the chains with heavenly fire :
Fervent love and strong desire
From thy love alone begin ;
Thou canst break the power of sin ;
Thou canst bid our spirits rise
Free and joyful to the skies ;
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of righteousness, are thine.

A REFLECTION, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOUR.

ANOTHER awful warning heaven has sent
To rouse my slumb'ring soul ;—Death is abroad ;
Close at my side he twangs his deadly bow.
Unerring flies the shaft, Sarissa falls :
In life's gay bloom she falls ; yet I am spar'd !
But wherefore this indulgence ? Gracious God,
By this new admonition, teach my heart
How precious are the swiftly-flying hours
Which I supinely waste ! arouse, my soul,
Why wilt thou sleep upon this sea-beat shore,
When the next wave may whelm thee in the deep,
Th' unfathom'd deep of vast eternity ?

Eternity, to pure and holy souls
Joy's boundless ocean, ever calm and clear,
Where all the streams of lasting pleasure meet !
But to the sinner 'tis the dark abyss

Of black despair, where all the waves of horror,
Beyond what nature ever felt or fear'd,
Incessant beat ; and not a ray of hope
Breaks through the tenfold night to cheer the gloom,
But tempest, everlasting tempest, roars.
How my soul shudders at the view !——
Where am I ? O for help, immediate help !
Some angel snatch me from the dreadful brink !
Some angel ! no,—omnipotence descends
On mercy's wing : behold the Saviour God !
His arms are wide-extended ; see, my soul,
Thy only refuge ! his almighty love
Dispels my fears, while here I fix my trust.
Almighty love, thou art the fountain-head
Of all the joys, which swell th' unbounded sea
Of bliss immortal !——Jesus, am I safe ?
And art thou mine, my Lord, my life, my all ?
O speak th' assuring word, and I am blest !
Death shall resign his terrors ; let him strike,
Encircled in thy arms I'm safe for ever,
For thy eternity of joy is mine.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. HERVEY.

I.

O Hervey, honour'd name, forgive the tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
Fond wish ! have kept thee from the seats of bliss.

II.

No more confin'd to these low scenes of night,
Pent in a feeble tenement of clay :
Should we not rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day ?

III.

The blissful realms, where thy lov'd master reigns,
Who taught thy pen its eloquence divine ;
Whose presence now inspires to loftier strains,
While all unveil'd his boundless glories shine.

IV.

Now the celestial flame that warm'd thy breast,
And through thy heav'n-taught page resplendent shone,
Exalted joins the transports of the blest
In language ev'n to thee on earth unknown.

V.

Yes, we resign thee to thy Saviour God ;
O may his love, that taught thy feet the way,
Conduct our steps to that divine abode,
Where his full glories beam eternal day !

VI.

Yet its own loss must every heart deplore,
That feels the power of Hervey's moving page,
That wish'd, (but ah, that wish avails no more !)
His life prolong'd to bless the rising age.

VII.

O lost to earth !—no, in his works he lives,
Here shall the rising age his portrait view ;
Here his own pen the mind's bright image gives,
In fairer tints than painting ever knew.

VIII.

His warm benevolence, his sacred zeal,
O may some blest, surviving prophet find !
Like him who caught the mantle as it fell,
Heir to the graces of Elijah's mind.

IX.

While thus a stranger muse presents the lay
To Hervey's mem'ry due, to grace his urn
Let friendship more distinguish'd honours pay,
And teach the world departed worth to mourn.

INGRATITUDE REPROVED.

I.

Ye warblers of the vernal shade,
Whose artless music charms my ear,
Your lively songs my heart upbraid,
My languid heart how insincere !
While all your little powers collected, raise
A tribute to your great Creator's praise.

II.

Ye lovely offspring of the ground,
Flowers of a thousand beauteous dyes,
You spread your Maker's glory round,
And breathe your odours to the skies :
Unsully'd you display your lively bloom,
Unmingled you present your sweet perfume.

III.

Ye winds, that waft the fragrant spring,
You whisp'ring spread his name abroad,
Or shake the air with sounding wing,
And speak the awful power of God :
His will, with swift obedience, you perform,
Or in the gentle gale, or dreadful storm.

IV.

Ye radiant orbs, that guide the day,
Or deck the sable veil of night ;
His wond'rous glory you display,
Whose hand imparts your useful light :
Your constant task, unweary'd, you pursue,
Nor deviate from the path your Maker drew.

V.

My God, shall ev'ry creature join
In praises to thy glorious name,
And this ungrateful heart of mine
Refuse the universal theme ?
Well may the stars and winds, the birds and flow'rs,
Reprove the heart that brings not all its pow'rs.

VI.

Thy grace this languid heart can raise,
These dissipated pow'rs unite,
Can bid me pay my debt of praise
With love sincere, and true delight ;
O let thy grace inspire my heart, my tongue !
Then shall I grateful join creation's song.

SUBMISSION TO GOD UNDER AFFLICTION, AND DESIRING SUPPORT.

GREAT God, I own thy justice, while beneath
The stroke of thy chastising rod I bend ;
Nor dares this wretched, guilty heart repine.
Far less I feel than merit, ev'ry stroke
How gentle ! smiling mercy breaks its force,
And soft it lights, nor gives a fatal wound.
O let my soul the wond'rous pow'r confess
Of sov'reign mercy, and adore the hand,
Whose just rebukes, with kind indulgence mix'd,
Are meant to teach, reclaim, and guide my feet,
Too apt to rove, forgetful of the way,
Forgetful of the end. A crown of life,
Of life immortal, is the glorious prize,
(Free gift of boundless grace !) which in the view
Of faith and humble love thy word displays ;
Obtain'd by suff'rings which amaz'd the world :
And shall I seek it coldly ? gracious God,
Awake my languid pow'rs to active life,
Awake my faith and hope, and love and zeal,
And make me ardent run the glorious race.
Pow'r to the faint thy sacred word assures,
And strength increasing ; be that gracious word
Fulfill'd to me unworthy ! If thy hand,
O ever wise and good, should justly deal

Severer strokes, still let my soul behold thee,
Not as an angry judge, vindictive, frowning,
But as a tender father, who corrects
In mercy, list'ning to the humble moan
Of penitential sorrow. Were my fears
To measure suff'rings by my just desert,
Dreadful expectance! what a scene of woe!
The dearest comfort, ev'ry joy of life,
Would quickly take its everlasting flight,
And leave me desolate, forlorn, undone.
But what are earthly joys? has not my heart
Ungrateful forfeited far more than these?
Should earthly joys forsake me, should my friends,
My much-lov'd friends, by death's resistless hand
Rent from my bleeding, agonizing heart,
Leave me a miserable mourner here;
Yet, O my God, if I may call thee mine;
Amid the scene of terror, if my faith
Look up and say, My father, and my friend;
The blissful sounds will cheer my fainting soul
With peace divine, and recompence the loss
Of all that life can give, or death destroy.
And was not once this heavenly blessing mine,
Diffusing comfort through my grateful heart,
Inspiring wonder, praise, and humble love?
It was; but soon the sacred ardour sunk
To cold indiff'rence. Should heavenly love
Offended leave me to the punishment
My guilt and vile ingratitude deserves,
Despair would soon his gloomy curtains draw,
Each distant beam of cheering hope exclude,

And shade my soul in everlasting night.
But oh, th' amazing power of love divine !
Unlimited it pardons ! justice pleas'd,
On mercy smiles ; for lo, the Saviour's blood
Atones and cleanses every guilty stain !
'Tis this, O gracious God, dispels my fears,
Revives my hopes ; in this unbounded sea
Let all my sins, and all my doubts be lost.
Lord, when this roving heart again forgets
Its duty and its bliss, let grace reclaim ;
And though thy awful hand chastising strike,
Let love support me, and beneath thy frown
O may paternal tenderness appear.
Then shall I patient bear thy just rebukes,
And wait resign'd and penitent, in hope
Of bliss returning in the smile of mercy.
Then, though this mortal frame by slow degrees,
In ling'ring years of pain should wear away ;
Or pungent griefs, too mighty, burst at once
The vital strings ; or fatal accident
Wing, swift and unforewarn'd, the silent shaft
To set my spirit free ; if I am thine,
To thy blest will, my God, I would submit,
Sure to be happy ! Time is but a point,
And mortal pains or joys are light as air,
When vast eternity is full in view.

PLEASURE.

I.

How vain a thought is bliss below !
'Tis all an airy dream !
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream !

II.

Now gaily-painted bubbles rise
With varied colours bright !
They break, the short amusement flies—
Can this be call'd delight ?

III.

Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows :
While fancy draws the flattering scene,
How fair the landscape shows !

IV.

But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow ;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.

V.

Why do I here expect repose ?
Or seek for bliss in vain ?
Since every pleasure earth bestows,
Is but dissembled pain.

VI.

O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these seats of night ;
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight !

VII.

There pleasure flows forever clear ;
And rising to the view
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear
As fancy never drew.

VIII.

No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

IX.

Adieu to all below the skies,
Celestial guardian, come !
On thy kind wing my soul would rise
To her eternal home.

THE PILGRIM.

In this dark wilderness of pain and woe
I wander mournful ; oft my upward glance
Implores a cheering ray to guide my feet,
Fearful, and trembling at surrounding snares
Which lurk unseen : and oft I long for rest,
But long in vain ; for ah, no safe repose

This land of danger yields ! Then let my eyes
Look upward still to those divine abodes
Of light and joy, whence danger is excluded.
And thither let my panting heart aspire
With ardent hope !—'Tis but to wait with patience
A few sad hours, a few more painful steps,
And life's fatiguing pilgrimage is o'er.
Soon will my weary eyelids close in death,
And these poor feeble limbs sink down to rest
In the cold bosom of the silent grave.

O could I with unshaken hope declare,
Then should my nobler pow'rs awake to life,
To life and joy immortal ! happy hour !
Transporting moment ! when eternal day
First breaks upon my sight ! what sweet surprize !
What boundless rapture ! darkness, pain and death
Banish'd at once ! and everlasting light
In full meridian glory beaming round !
Joys rising bright and new, in long succession,
To set no more ! and shall my weary spirit
(Which wanders now depress'd with sin and woe,)
Rise to this glory ? O my gracious God,
Guide of my life, and guardian of my soul,
To thee I breathe my supplicating sigh :
Brighten my glimm'ring hope, dispel the clouds
Of gloomy fear, which hang upon my sight
Heavy and sad ; let thy reviving smile,
(Fair dawn of glory !) cheer my fainting heart ;
Till all the sorrows, all the pains of time,
Appear as trifles in the blissful view

Of immortality, of endless joys
Incessant flowing from the throne of God.
Then shall I wait serene, with steady faith
And glad expectance, that auspicious hour,
When death, kind angel, shall convey my soul
To light and life, to happiness and God.

WROTE IN AN ILL STATE OF HEALTH IN THE SPRING.

Inclement winter now resigns his pow'r,
And gentle spring begins her placid reign.
The sun, with genial warmth, awakes to life
The herbs and flowers, whose soft distilling rains
His kindly influence aid, and clothe the fields
With springing verdure ; to the industrious swain
The pleasing promise of a plenteous harvest.
The trees, long stripp'd of all their leafy honours,
Shoot out anew, and with the charming season
Advancing still, unfold their annual beauties.
All nature smiles !—But I, alas, am sad !

In vain, the woods and fields resume their charms !
In vain the feather'd warblers tune their songs !
To me 'tis all a blank ! untouch'd my soul
With nature's harmony ! my eyes, uncharm'd
With all her beauties, cannot find a joy
In the once lovely, once delightful scene !
A gloom of sadness hangs upon my spirits.

And prompts the frequent sigh and silent tear.
Depress'd by pain and sickness, all my powers
Are dull and languid, every joy is tasteless ;
All nature fades, and pleasure is no more !

Ah ! what is life, so lov'd, so dearly priz'd,
If health be absent ? 'tis a ling'ring night
Of tedious expectation, spent in sighs,
And restless wishes for the cheerful dawn.

Thus melancholy tun'd the mourning lay :
The cheerful muse withdrawn, the gloomy pow'r,
Usurp'd her lyre, and chang'd its soothing notes
For sounds of woe ; dark clouds oppressive hung
Around her seat, and spread their deep'ning shade
Till ev'ry pleasing object sunk in night.
Ah ! where is faith ? her heav'n-illumin'd eye
Could pierce the mental night, could raise the mind
Which sinks dejected, and beyond the gloom
Direct to fairer scenes : come, guest divine,
O come, and in thy train, let fortitude
Her useful succours bring, and meek-ey'd patience,
And smiling hope, and sweet content appear.
And let my heart with calm submission wait
Heaven's destin'd time, to hail the glad return
Of health, the best and sweetest earthly blessing.

Then shall the muse her long-neglected strain
Resume ; and, by each heav'n-born guest inspir'd,
With grateful rapture tune the votive song
To that almighty goodness, which bestows

Its gifts unmeasur'd, undeserv'd, on me.
Nor let the grateful rapture be confin'd ;
Since o'er the whole creation wide diffus'd,
Divine beneficence unbounded smiles,
And claims the tribute of unbounded praise.

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

AWAKE my heart, arise my joyful pow'rs,
In songs of gratitude, and love, and praise,
To God, the great deliverer's holy name !
To God, my strength, my all-sufficient refuge,
Whose pow'rful hand sustain'd my feeble frame,
Through all the tiresome scenes of pain and sickness,
And rais'd me from the borders of the grave.

Death frown'd severe, and all the prospect round
Was dark ; with scarce a ray of glimm'ring light
To point my view beyond the sable veil !
Almighty goodness saw, with pitying eye,
My deep distress ; my groans, and long complaints,
And sorrows reach'd the ear of heavenly mercy.
My God attended to the humble pray'r,
The mournful breathings of a helpless worm,
And sent divine supports.——
The consolations of his sacred word
Bore up my fainting spirit ; rays of hope
Broke through the shades of death, and bid my soul
Look up, and view her heav'nly Father's hand,

And bear his just rebukes, and patient wait
His sov'reign will ! then smiling comfort dawn'd,
And hush'd my sorrows to a peaceful calm.
A Father's kind indulgent care appear'd,
And while his rod chastis'd, his arm sustain'd.

At length fair health with cheerful aspect comes :
Hail long-desir'd, delightful, welcome guest !
Gift of indulgent heaven ! inspir'd by thee,
Source of a thousand joys, my full heart pants
To pour the transport in a song of praise,
A grateful tribute to th' almighty donor.

But ah ! my voice unequal to my wishes,
Forbids th' attempt, and damps the rising ardour.
Would the same pow'r which rais'd my sinking frame,
Brought back declining health, and bid me live,
Inspire the lay, and teach my song to flow
Harmonious to his wond'rous healing mercy !
Then should my tongue, with joyful rapture fir'd,
Begin the pleasing theme, and sing unwearied
Thy mercy, and thy pow'r, all-bounteous Lord,
Forever good, beneficent, and kind !

But oh ! what tongue can speak, what heart conceive
Almighty goodness ? Infinitely short
The highest notes a mortal voice can raise
Must fall ! As well I fondly might presume
To count the endless train of shining lamps
Which deck the azure canopy of heav'n,
My gracious God, as thy unnumber'd mercies.

O may thy goodness, thy indulgent love,
Forever dwell upon my thankful heart,
And teach my future life to speak thy praise.

A RURAL MEDITATION.

What soft delight the peaceful bosom warms,
When nature, drest in all her vernal charms,
Around the beauteous landscape smiles serene,
And crowns with every gift the lovely scene!
In ev'ry gift the donor shines confest,
And heav'nly bounty cheers the grateful breast.
Now lively verdure paints the laughing meads,
And o'er the fields wide-waving plenty spreads.
Here woodbines climb, dispensing odours round;
There smiles the pink, with humble beauties crown'd;
And while the flowers their various charms disclose,
Queen of the garden, shines the blushing rose.
The fragrant tribes display their sweetest bloom,
And every breezy whisper breathes perfume.

But this delightful season must decay;
The year rolls on, and steals its charms away.
How swift the gaily transient pleasure flies!
Stern winter comes, and ev'ry beauty dies.
The fleeting bliss while pensive thought deplores,
The mind in search of nobler pleasure soars;
And seeks a fairer paradise on high,
Where beauties rise and bloom, that never die.

There winter ne'er invades with hostile arms,
But everlasting spring displays her charms :
Celestial fragrance fills the blest retreats,
Unknown to earth in all her flow'ry sweets.
Enraptur'd there the mind unwearied roves
Through flow'ry paths, and ever-verdant groves :
Such blissful groves not happy Eden knew,
Nor fancy's boldest pencil ever drew.
No sun, departing, leaves the scene to mourn
In shades, and languish for his kind return ;
Or with short visits cheers the wintry hours,
And faintly smiles on nature's drooping pow'rs.
But there the Deity himself displays
The bright effulgence of his glorious rays ;
Immortal life and joy his smile bestows,
And boundless bliss for ever, ever flows.

SOLITUDE.

Softly-pleasing Solitude,
Were thy blessings understood ;
Soon would thoughtless mortals grow
Tir'd of noise, and pomp, and show ;
And with thee retreating, gain
Pleasure crowds pursue in vain.
True, the friendly social mind
Joy in converse oft can find ;
Not where empty mirth presides,
But with those whom wisdom guides.

Yet the long-continued feast
Sometimes palls upon the taste :
Kind alternate, then to be
Lost in thought awhile with thee.
Intellectual pleasures here
In their truest light appear ;
Grave reflection, friendly power,
Waits the lonely silent hour :
Spread before the mental eye,
Actions past in order lie ;
By reflection's needful aid
Latent errors are display'd :
Thus humility is taught,
Thus confirm'd the better thought.
Friends and soothing praise apart,
Solitude unveils the heart ;
When the veil is thrown aside,
Can we see a cause for pride ?
Empty is the heart and poor,
Stripp'd of all its fancy'd store ;
Conscious want awakes desire,
Bids the restless wish aspire,
Wish for riches never found
Through the globe's capacious round.
Contemplation, sacred guest,
Now inspires the ardent breast,
Spreads her wing, and bids the mind
Rise and leave the world behind.
Now the mind enraptur'd soars ;
All the wealth of India's shores
Is but dust beneath her eye ;

Nobler treasures kept on high,
Treasures of eternal joy,
Now her great pursuit employ.
Mansions of immense delight!
Language cannot say how bright!
See! the op'ning gates display
Beaming far, immortal day!
See! inviting angels smile,
And applaud the glorious toil!
Hark! they tune the charming lyre;
Who can hear and not desire?
O the sweet, though distant strain!
All the joys of earth how vain!
Nearer fain the mind would rise,
Fain would gaze with eager eyes
On the glories of the skies;
But mortality denies.
Dusky vapours cloud her sight,
Down she sinks to earth and night;
Then to friendship calls again,
Gentle solace of her pain:
Friendship, with thy pleasing power,
Come and cheer the mournful hour;
Only solitude and thee
Can afford a joy for me.

TO MR. HERVEY, ON HIS THERON AND ASPASIO.

I.

O SENT by heaven to teach the Saviour's praise,
And bid our hearts with pure devotion glow!
Truth shines around thee with distinguish'd rays,
And all the graces in thy language flow.

II.

Here beauteous landscapes spread their various charms,
The mind inspiring with delight serene;
With pleasing power while sacred friendship warms,
And blest religion crowns the lovely scene.

III.

Now deeply humbled, self-abas'd, we read
The abject state of Adam's wretched race;
Now smiling hope lifts up her cheerful head,
And faith adores immeasurable grace.

IV.

What glories in our great Immanuel shine!
How rich, how free, how full his merits rise!
The curse remov'd, fulfill'd the law divine;
For rebels he obeys, for traitors dies.

V.

His righteousness, immortal robe, he gives
To clothe the naked; while his flowing blood
Pours healing balm, the wounded sinner lives
To speak the honours of the Saviour God.

VI.

In him, what countless, endless wonders meet!
Truth, justice, mercy, reconcil'd appear:
His name, how precious! how divinely sweet!
Joy to the heart, and music to the ear.

VII.

O Hervey, be thy pleasing labours crown'd
With bliss beyond the low rewards of fame!
Such joy be thine, as thy Aspasio found,
While many a Theron owns the Saviour's name.

THE PICTURE; TO MARINDA.

MARINDA's temper, open and sincere,
Despis'd the little, the dissembling arts
Which often smooth the supple fawner's brow,
While hate and stormy mischief brood within.
In friendship honest—nor profess'd esteem,
But when her heart accorded with her tongue.
She knew, by reason and reflection taught,
How vain the pleasures which the gay admire;
Her judgment bade her prize intrinsic worth
Above the low parade of outward show.
But then a warmth, impatient of control,
Would often rise and break her inward peace.
She knew, and call'd it pride, and strove to mend
The fault acknowledg'd; but, alas! in vain.
Though reason said, "Content is earthly bliss;
"And patience and humility prepare

" Her peaceful lodging in the human breast."
Yet to attain these graces reason fails ;
Till blest religion, heavenly form, appears !
A form no human pencil ever drew
In equal colours ! on her head a crown
Emits a lustre like the rising morn !
See in her hand the sacred book of truth !
Which she unfolding, now with heaven-taught skill
Points out the needful precept, now displays
The cheering promise of almighty aid :
Nor less than aid almighty can sustain
The fainting mind ; for lo, affliction comes !
Nor comes undreaded ; though Marinda oft
Had seen the frowning form, yet ne'er till now
Array'd in half its terrors ; now it spreads
A more than midnight shade ; ten thousand fears
Torment the restless scene ! Marinda sinks,
O'erwhelm'd and fainting with extreme distress,
Yet struggling with her sorrow : " O for help,"
She sighs, nor sighs in vain to pitying heaven.
Two nymphs divine, of blest religion's train,
Are sent to cheer the heart-oppressing gloom ;
And these can cheer when human pity mourns,
And sympathizing friendship weeps in vain.
Hope whispers comfort ; and a lucid ray
Breaks through the solid night : Now Faith applies
The sacred optic, and Marinda's eye,
Through the dark clouds of mortal grief, beholds
A power omnipotent, and wise, and good,
Dispensing with parental tender care,
Her needful pains, her salutary griefs,

As kind preparatives for future joy.
Her present woes, when weigh'd with future joy,
How light ! when measur'd with eternal bliss
They seem contracted to a moment's point.
Before the bright'ning prospect, proud impatience
Retreats asham'd : and now the gentle pair
Humility and Patience, pleasing guests,
Sure harbingers of sweet content, appear.
O may the gentle pair propitious tarry,
And may divine Content, by them invited,
Attend Marinda's dwelling, till this house
Of feeble texture falls ; till heaven unfolds
Its shining gates to her transported eyes ;
And angels, with triumphant songs, proclaim
Her blissful welcome to the realms of joy.

RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

KIND Solitude, I love thy friendly shade ;
Reflection hither bring her needful aid.
'Tis here I trace past thoughts and errors o'er,
And learn to know my weakness, and deplore.
Ah ! would the serious, sad compunction last,
And teach to mend the future by the past.
'Tis here I see how empty, light, and vain,
Is gay amusement with her idle train.
And busy care, which fills the restless heart,
With real, though with unavailing smart,
Is no less vain ; for still her toils renew,

And still some farther task remains to do.
Time nor for trifling, nor for business stays;
He shakes his glass, and counts the short'ning days.
And see the ebbing sands, how fast they run!
How soon the little remnant will be done!
Shall vanity employ my precious hours?
Or earth's low cares engross my active powers?
For nobler ends my time and powers are given,
Nor cares nor pleasures fit the soul for heaven.
And can I hope to reach that blissful place?
Yet sleep supine, or linger in the race.
Alas, my heedless heart, how apt to stray,
When earthly trifles tempt my thoughts away!

All my celestial hopes on God depend;
His smile my life, his favour is my end.
How little do I know, or love his name!
And yet to spirits of immortal frame,
Knowledge is food, and love the vital flame.

What is the business and the joy above,
But this, to know, to worship, and to love?
For this, my pow'rs were giv'n; this great employ
Should be my ardent wish my constant joy.
How shall I know him? all his works declare
Their Maker's name; heav'n, earth, and sea, and air,
Confess the great, the wise, the pow'ful God;
And nature joins to spread his praise abroad.
But yet at awful distance I adore,
For he is holy: his tremendous pow'r,
His dreadful justice—oh, how fierce thy blaze!

And prostrate sinners tremble, while they praise.
How shall I know and love him ? In his word
Appears the gracious, kind, forgiving Lord !
O let me trace the heavenly transcript o'er,
And learn to know and serve, and love him more.
'Tis here, his brightest, sweetest glories shine,
In Jesus' face, how lovely ! how divine !
Here mercy smiles, and with resistless charms
Invites the sinner to the Saviour's arms.
Here wonders rise, and all my thoughts transcend,
Justice appeas'd, almighty power my friend ;
Forgiveness, peace, and free access to God,
And life, and glory through a Saviour's blood !

Lord, when these blissful wonders I explore,
I long to know, and love, and praise thee more.
In these blest moments fain my thoughts would rise,
Lose this dull earth, nor rest below the skies ;
Those happy seats of knowledge, love, and joy,
Where every pleasing power finds sweet employ ;
Where praise and love, in everlasting songs,
Rise ardent from ten thousand thousand tongues.
For Jesus and salvation, charming theme,
Inspires the strain, and feeds th' immortal flame.
O how my panting spirit longs to join
The sacred choir in extasies divine !
But ah ! this load of clay retards my flight :
When shall I reach those mansions of delight ?
Short is the transport, soon my fears arise,
And snatch the lovely prospect from my eyes.
Should I be banish'd from that blest abode,

And never, never see my Saviour God,
(My saviour God! for O my trembling heart
From those reviving accents cannot part :)
Banish'd from thee, my hope, my life, my light,
To death, despair, and everlasting night—
The thought is horror!—No, my heart shall stay
Here at thy feet, and wait thy healing ray,
To chase the dismal gloom ; one smile of thine,
One sweet forgiving smile, is bliss divine.
O let me hear thy soul-reviving voice,
To heal my sorrows, and renew my joys :
Reveal, confirm my int'rest in thy love,
And guilt, and fear, and darkness shall remove.
So fly the mournful shades of gloomy night,
When radiant morn displays her cheering light.

Jesus, let thy almighty love inspire
My heart, my voice, and tune the sacred lyre.
Let thy unbounded grace be all my theme,
And songs of joy resound thy lovely name ;
Till I forsake this dark abode of clay,
And death unfolds the gates of endless day.
Then shall I learn the blissful strains above,
And all my soul be harmony and love.

NO TRUE HAPPINESS BELOW.

By daily observation are we taught
(Experience too confirms the mournful truth)
That perfect bliss on earth is never found.

When roses, gay and blooming, strew the path,
Sharp thorns intrude among them, scatter'd thick,
Nor can we scape unwounded ; sense of pain
Forbids delight ; and all we ask is ease.
We taste a moment's ease ; our wishes rise
In vain for happiness, the restless sigh
Still heaves, the painful vacancy remains.
If pleasure laughs a moment, is the joy,
Or is the sigh which follows, most sincere ?
When sweet content serenely smiles around,
Like a fair summer evening, ah, how soon
The charming scene is lost ! the deep'ning shades
Prevail, and night approaches dark and sad,
Till the last beam faint-glimm'ring dies away.

Father of spirits, who hast form'd my soul
Capacious of immortal happiness,
O send a beam of heav'n, dispel the gloom,
Direct my upward view, and point my path
To thee, in whom alone my soul can find
That perfect bliss I seek in vain below.

TRUE PLEASURE IN DIVINE MEDITATION.

Come, sacred contemplation, heavenly guest,
And bring the muse to bless the lonely hour.
Unbind my fetter'd thoughts, and bid them rise
Above these low, dull, tiresome, empty scenes,
To nobler objects ; spread the mental feast,

A rich variety. The heaven-born mind
Should never meanly stoop to feed on trash,
Nor mingle with the appetites of sense.
The heaven-born mind requires immortal food,
Such food as earth, with all her fancied sweets,
Can never furnish ; all her fancied sweets
Are bitterness ; her most substantial food
Is airy chaff, and only starves the mind.
Ye happy spirits, blest inhabitants
Of paradise, Oh ! could you aid my flight
To your abodes, or bring a blissful taste
Of your divine enjoyments down to earth ;
How would my soul disdain the joys of sense,
And look on all the good below the skies
Unworthy of her care !—alas, in vain
My thoughts extend their feeble flutt'ring wings ;
A misty gloom hangs heavy all around ;
I sink to earth—which yet my soul disclaims,
Unworthy of her birth !—see while I gaze
Intent, its scenes in quick succession pass ;
Each gay delusive form, which seem'd to please,
Is gone ; and nought remains but sad reflection.

And is there nothing permanent but grief?
No real good in all the varied scenes,
Which tire and pain the disappointed heart?
Yes, sad reflection, though in sable robe
Array'd, with mournful aspect, is my friend,
And brings me real good ; else my fond heart
Might still pursue in vain these empty shews,
Nor stay to ask for pleasures more sincere.

Then let me listen to her friendly lore,
And learn the just, the real estimate
Of all below the skies.—But O let faith,
And hope, celestial visitants, be here ;
And cheer my soul with some delightful views
Of true, substantial, undecaying good
In fair perspective ; distant scenes of bliss
Immortal, far beyond the reach of sense.
Let faith ascend with heaven-directed flight,
And smiling hope sit fast upon her wings,
And bear my thoughts, and bear my heart on high.

O thou supreme, eternal source of good !
Of good, which knows no shadow of decay !
Wilt thou, all-gracious, beam one heavenly smile,
Break through the gloom, and raise my grov'ling soul ;
And with resistless, sweet attraction, draw
To thee, the centre of immortal joys !
O bid my faith, and bid my hope ascend ;
For on thy vital smile alone, they live,
Thy favour is the food, the life of souls ;
This only can afford sincere delight,
And give a relish to inferior sweets :
Without it, all creation is a blank !
A dreary void !—O could my spirit dwell
Beneath thy cheering smiles, feast on thy love,
And in full view adore thy bright perfections ;
This would be life indeed, a heaven below !
This only can refine the joys of earth,
And sweeten all its cares ; thus nature's charms
Would wear a pleasing aspect, while my soul

Should trace the radiant footsteps of her Lord
In every lovely scene which nature yields ;
And all that charms the eye, the ear, or taste,
Be fairer, sweeter, as it flows from thee.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

Isaiah liv. 10.

I.

Almighty Sovereign, gracious Lord,
How full, how firm, thy royal word !
Thy love, how condescending and how kind !
Nor can the power of language more,
With all its force, with all its store,
Confirm the sacred deed, or more securely bind.

II.

Sooner the mountains shall depart,
And from their firm foundations start,
Than thy eternal kindness shall remove !
Or I be shaken from thy heart,
If ever there I had a part,
If ever I possest an int'rest in thy love.

III.

Yes, Lord, thy promises are clear,
Thy power and faithfulness appear ;
Nor can I doubt omnipotence and grace :
But ah ! myself, my sins I fear,
These springs of doubt are ever near,
These gloomy clouds which rise and hide thy lovely face.

IV.

O let thy mercy's healing ray
Arise, and chase these clouds away ;
Thy spirit's witness, evidence divine,
Beam o'er my soul with sacred light ;
Then shall my joys all pure and bright,
Unclouded and serene, with pleasing lustre shine.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

John xxi. 17.

Omniscient Lord, before whose awful eye,
All undisguis'd, thy creatures' actions lie ;
Thou seest my heart through every winding maze,
Each secret thought thy piercing glance surveys.
My saviour God—and can I call thee mine ?
Can I each idol-vanity resign ?
Can I to thee appeal without a fear,
Thou know'st I love thee with a flame sincere ?
Alas ! I doubt my vile deceitful heart ;
Back from my lips the half-form'd accents start :
A thousand meaner objects share my love,
From thee, from thee my foolish passions rove ;
My conscious soul shrinks at the solemn test,
And yet I fain would hope, I love thee best !
I fain would hope ! unworthy, base return !
Can it be love, and yet so faintly burn ?
Didst thou forsake thy radiant courts on high ?
And freely lay thy dazzling glories by ?

Assume the human form, and wear the chains
Of guilty rebels doom'd to endless pains ?
Bear all our sins, remove the pond'rous load
Of vengeance due from an incensed God ?
And bleeding, dying on the cross, atone
For mortal crimes in agonies unknown ?
Touch'd with the melting pow'r of love divine,
Can I refuse this worthless heart of mine ?
See, dearest Lord, obedient to thy call,
Asham'd, repentant, at thy feet I fall,
And would resign myself, my soul, my all !
O let this stubborn heart, this flinty rock,
Soften'd by heav'nly love, with sorrow broke,
Bath'd in the fountain of thy bleeding veins,
Be fully cleans'd from all its guilty stains ;
Till I can say, without a rising fear,
Thou, who know'st all things, know'st my love sincere.

DEVOTION.

HAPPY the mind where true devotion glows !
Immortal flame, enkindled from above,
It upward rises, and to God alone,
Its sacred source, its everlasting centre,
Aspiring, trembling, points ; attraction sweet,
And powerful, though unseen, directs its aim.
But ah ! too oft its force abated sinks,
Damp'd with the gloomy fogs of sin and fear :
The last faint spark scarce glimm'ring to the sight,
And near expiring seems, till wak'd to life

By that all-powerful word which gave it birth.
But thus inspir'd, devotion flames anew,
And bears the soul above those heavy clouds,
Which frequent rise and clog its feeble wings.
Unfetter'd thus, when thought expatiates free,
What sweet inticements nature's charms afford
To her Creator's praise, whose hand bestows
Unnumber'd gifts, in fair variety
Dispens'd, where'er the gazing eye can reach,
Or pleasing meditation lead the thought.
Life and its joys depend upon his smile;
Blest with his smile, the soul can see his hand
In every varying scene, and taste his love
In every good his bounteous hand bestows.
Inspir'd by him, the mind enraptur'd views
His bright perfections in his wond'rous works,
The wise, the powerful, and the gracious God!
Wide o'er the fruitful fields and verdant meads
His bounty smiles! amid the blooming flowers
Almighty skill appears, the breezy gale
Wafts on its wing, his goodness in their sweets!
On the clear winding rill his goodness flows!
Descends in kindly showers to bless the earth,
Or silent falls in soft refreshing dews!
In yon bright orb, the source of light and heat,
His glory shines with dazzling fervid ray!
And mildly beams in every twinkling star!
In all the God appears! the father smiles!
Omnipotent and wise, and good, and kind!
His works all beauteous! all harmonious join!
And charm the eye, and entertain the soul;

Bid silent wonder mingle with delight,
And flow in adoration, love, and praise.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO TRUST IN GOD.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."
1 PET. vii. 7.

I.

ENGAGING argument! here let me rest
With humble confidence and faith intire:
What less than this can calm my troubled breast?
What more can my distrustful heart desire?

II.

Encouraged by so full, so sweet a word,
Fain would my soul forbid intruding fears:
To thee, almighty Father, gracious Lord!
Fain would I bring my load of anxious cares.

III.

But can a vile, a guilty creature, dare
Aspire to hope for favours so divine?
Aspire to claim an interest in thy care,
Or boldly call the glorious blessing mine?

IV.

O let my spirit's sacred influence seal
The kind assurance to my doubting soul,
Thy pard'ning love, thy tender care reveal;
The blissful view shall all my fears control.

THE WISH.

Should lavish wealth display her shining stores,
Or smiling fame her noblest wreaths present ;
Should pleasure, drest in all her soothing charms,
Approach, their proffer'd joys were all in vain
To tempt my better hopes. There's nothing here
To feed th' immortal mind ; no earthly good
Can fill my large desires, sublime they soar
Beyond this narrow scene of transient joy,
To God, the spring of life, the source of bliss,
Of perfect bliss, and everlasting life !

Low at thy glorious feet, eternal God,
I prostrate fall, and humbly breathe my wish.
I ask not riches, 'tis but gilded care,
Nor fame, nor pleasure, fleeting shadows all,
And vain delusive dreams of happiness !
No, 'tis thy gracious presence, Lord, I ask,
The cheering beams of thy almighty love :
To these, earth's brightest charms appear no more,
Than glow-worms lost amid the blaze of noon.
An int'rest in thy favour, O my God,
Is all my wish—for this alone contains
Full happiness.—One ray of solid hope
That thou art mine, is worth a thousand worlds.
Thy presence, Lord, can gild the shades of death,
And turn the darkness to celestial day.

At thy approach, black doubt and gloomy fear
Retreat like mists before the rising sun.
While joys immortal dawning o'er the soul,
Diffuse new life, and give a taste of heaven.
O could I see, on thy dear hand imprest
In lasting characters my worthless name ;
Could I without a wav'ring doubt behold
Thy blissful face, and say, thou art my God !
Not earth with all the charms it has in store
Should bribe my love, or draw my heart from thee

DIVINE CONTEMPLATION.

I.

How blest the minds which daily rise
To worlds unseen beyond the skies,
And lose this vale of tears !
On heaven-taught pinions while they soar,
And joys unknown to sense explore,
How low the cares of mortal life ! how mean its bliss appears !

II.

O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my thoughts and hopes above
These little scenes of care !
Above these gloomy mists which rise,
And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes,
To see the dawn of heavenly day, and breathe celestial air.

III.

Yet higher would I stretch my flight,
And reach the sacred courts of light,
Where my Redeemer reigns :
Far-beaming from his radiant throne
Immortal splendors, joys unknown,
With never-fading lustre shine o'er all the blissful plains.

IV.

Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
There join in rapture-breathing songs,
And tune the golden lyre
To Jesus their exalted Lord ;
Dear name, how lov'd ! and how ador'd !
His charms awake the heavenly strain, and every note inspire.

V.

No short-liv'd pleasure there beguiles,
But perfect bliss for ever smiles,
With undeclining ray :
Thither my thoughts would fain ascend,
But ah ! to dust and earth they bend,
Fetter'd with empty vanities, and chain'd to lifeless clay.

VI.

Dear Lord, and shall I ever be
So far from bliss, so far from thee,
An exile from the sky ?
O break these chains, my wishes fire,
And upward bid my heart aspire ;
Without thy aid I cannot rise, O give me wings to fly.

REFUGE IN DISTRESS.

In a frail, shatter'd bark, I trembling ride ;
Beneath me sin a boundless ocean spreads.
Amid the dreadful waves, or swell'd with tempest,
Loud threat'ning ruin, and immediate death ;
Or smiling with a smooth deceitful calm,
But hiding rocks and sands and sure destruction,
A helpless voyager ! nor skill nor strength,
To 'scape the danger, or outlive the storm.
Tempestuous winds with direful fury rise,
And waves, with terror fraught, incessant rage,
To plunge me in the fathomless abyss.
Thick clouds and darkness hide the face of heav'n ;
No friendly star appears to point my course
To the wish'd haven of rest, the seats of bliss.
Ah ! must I sink, forever lost ?——

See ! through the dreadful gloom a cheering ray
With heavenly radiance break ! a glimpse of hope,
A smile of pity from the Saviour's face !
To him I lift my suppliant hands and eyes,
To him my voice with trembling accent raise,
Lord, save me or I perish !——
O thou, my refuge, and my only hope,
Draw near to my assistance ; let thy arm,
Thy potent arm of mercy, oft extended
To sinking dying wretches, be my stay.

Thy sovereign voice can still the raging sea,
Can hush the warring winds and waves to peace,
And bid the clouded sky be all serene:
O speak, and smiling comfort shall attend
The charming sound, and drive my fears away.

Thou art my star: O let thy beams impart
Light to my eyes, and comfort to my soul.
Direct my course, and let thy gracious arm
Be ever near, my all-sufficient guard.
Then shall I never sink, though storms should rise,
And winds and waves in all their fury rage;
But o'er the swelling surge securely ride,
Thy cross my anchor, and thy word my guide:
Till death shall land me on the blissful shore,
Where sins, and fears, and dangers are no more.

HOPE REVIVING IN THE CONTEMPLATION OF DIVINE MERCY.

Ye restless, dark, distracting fears, be gone!
For mercy, kind, inviting mercy, smiles;
No more, my trembling soul, indulge no more,
These gloomy doubts; shall diffidence prescribe
Limits to sovereign, free, unbounded mercy?
With transport let me hear, with joy obey
The blissful word, which bids my soul approach
The throne of grace, and ask, nor ask in vain,
For pardon, life, and peace; a full supply

For all my wants : divine beneficence !
The object, how unworthy ! Gracious God,
Increase my rising hope to thankful joy,
And bid my heart with pleasing rapture trace
The wonders of thy love : amazing theme !
The song of angels, and the bliss of heaven !
How shall my heart receive the vast idea,
Or feeble words express it ? Scanty power
Of human thought—the force of language fails,
And soaring wishes flag their strongest wing !
The starry heav'ns, immeasurably high
Are raised above the globe ; but higher far
Thy thoughts, thy ways, above my utmost reach.
What finite pow'r can ever comprehend
The infinite extent of love divine ?
Launch'd on the boundless ocean, every thought
Is lost in pleasing wonder ! love divine !
Created wisdom's most exalted pitch
Angelic force can never sound the depth,
Th' unfathomable depth ! can never reach
Th' immeasurable height !——

Yet may I meditate, adoring low
Its countless glories, in the sacred word
Display'd, and shining all serene and mild.
And while I meditate, O may I feel
Its quick'ning, healing, life-diffusing ray,
And all my soul subdu'd by love and mercy ;
Mercy, which in th' eternal purpose dwelt
For man, (lost, guilty, miserable man !)
Long ere the worlds arose, or man was form'd.

Mercy, which mov'd the Son of God to leave
Th' immortal splendors of his glorious throne,
For this low world, array'd in mortal flesh,
To suffer all the sorrows, pains, and woes
Of human nature in its lowest form ;
A servant ! Oh, what miracles can mercy,
What wonders can almighty love perform !
Almighty love, which bore the cruel scoffs,
The restless spite, and persecuting rage
Of impious, harden'd wretches !—patient bore !
When with a single frown he might have sunk them
Quick to the caverns of eternal death.

But, Oh ! yet farther let my soul pursue
The wond'rous labyrinth of love divine,
And follow my Redeemer to the cross ;
Nail'd to the cross, his hands and feet all torn
With agonizing torture !—Can my heart
Behold those wounds, and not weep tears of blood ?
His blood was shed for sin, his sacred side
Deep pierc'd, pour'd forth the vital crimson flood,
Ordain'd to cleanse and expiate mortal crimes.
For mortal crime what loads of wrath unknown
Were due ! Almighty justice, arm'd with terrors,
Pour'd the full vial on his guiltless head,
Of vengeance for the infinite offence
Of guilty man against its sacred laws.
He bore it all ! he in the sinner's stead
Sustain'd the dreadful storm, and by his death
Th' immortal work was finish'd ! full atonement,
Full satisfaction made ; amazing scene !

Stupendous sacrifice ! mysterious love !
He died !—the Lord of life, the Saviour died !
All nature sympathizing felt the shock !
Earth groan'd, and trembled to her inmost centre !
The sun withdrew his beams, and wrapt his face
In sable clouds, and midnight's deepest shade,
To mourn the absence of a brighter sun,
The sun of righteousness eclips'd in death !
A short eclipse ! for soon he rose again
All-glorious, and resum'd his native skies !
There, with full brightness and unclouded ray,
Forever shines, dispensing light and bliss
Through the bright worlds of uncreated day.

His rays far-beaming, visit this dark world ;
And through the clouds of guilt, the shades of death,
Break the fair glimmerings of etherial morn :
O may they reach this dark, cold, lifeless heart,
And kindle light divine, and vital warmth
Through all my powers ! Arise, O blissful Sun,
Dispel the clouds of sin, and doubt, and sorrow :
Shine with all-potent and resistless beams,
And, in the sweet assurance of thy love,
Spread the bright dawn of heaven around my soul.
And when this mortal part, this feeble frame,
Sinks down, and mingles with its native dust ;
Let my free, joyful soul, exulting rise
On angel-wings, to those divine abodes,
Where thy bright presence in full glory shines ;
Transform'd to thy fair image, cloth'd in light,
Mix with the tuneful choir, thy love redeem'd,

In endless praise :—O bliss beyond conception !
In silent rapture all my soul adores.

EUSEBIA AND URANIA, OR DEVOTION AND THE MUSE.

EUSEBIA.

SAY, dear Urania, silent why so long ?
I languish for thy sweet-reviving song.
Wilt thou unkind, neglect a sister's moan,
And leave me wretched to complain alone ?
Oft has thy lyre my ardent joys express'd,
And breath'd the ardent wishes of my breast.
Oft have thy sympathizing strings complain'd,
And gently sooth'd my heart with anguish pain'd.
Once more, Urania, try thy pleasing power,
And animate this dull, this languid hour.

URANIA.

Thy active life must wake the silent strings ;
For when Eusebia breathes, Urania sings.
But fainting efforts, and unmeaning sighs
Can never teach the feeble notes to rise.
'Tis gratitude and love, 'tis warm desire,
Or grief sincere attunes the heaven-taught lyre.
When thy heart labours with the sense of pain,
In sympathizing accents I complain :
And when from earth thy soaring thoughts arise,
My kindred notes attend them to the skies.

Ah ! where is now the heart-oppressing sigh ?
Or where the ardent wish that pierc'd the sky ?
Does not Eusebia sleep supine on earth,
Almost forgetful of her heavenly birth ?

EUSEBIA.

No more, my friend——at length, alas ! I see
The change, the mournful change, is all in me.
My heavenly birth !—the thought awakes my pain ;
And shall I sleep regardless of the chain,
The hateful chain, which holds me from the skies ?
Nor once look upward with desiring eyes ?
Ah, wretched state ! yet, dear Urania, say,
Extinguish'd is the joy-inspiring ray ?
Lost is that heavenly flame in mortal night,
Which once attractive led our upward flight ?
Its vital warmth these fetters could unbind,
And earth no more detain the heaven-born mind.

URANIA.

Extinguish'd ! No—immortal is the flame
Which animates my dear Eusebia's frame.
Though late with such a sickly beam it shone,
When fainting accents breath'd thy languid moan :
Celestial love can never, never die,
It will revive, and seek its native sky ;
To its divine Original it tends,
And on almighty power its life depends.
Though earth-born vapours gloomy intervene,
And cloud, with night's dark shade, the mournful scene,
If love's unchanging source his beams display,
The intercepting gloom shall fleet away,
And grateful transport hail the rising day.

EUSEBIA.

Thou friendly power, how kind thy cheering strain !
This blissful hope will mitigate my pain.
Arise, O Sun of righteousness, arise,
With sweet attraction draw me to the skies.
Thy healing beams my every grief can chase,
Great Spring of life, unveil thy radiant face.
Awake desire, and hope, and love, and joy,
Till heaven alone my raptur'd soul employ !

URANIA.

And heaven alone deserves Eusebia's care ;
The loveliest scenes on earth no more are fair
When Jesus is withdrawn ; his smiles bestow
A glimpse of heaven, a paradise below.
Then Oh, what splendor fills those happy plains,
Where in full glory our Immanuel reigns !
Diffusing life, and love, and joys unknown,
Through all the blissful myriads round his throne.
Ten thousand thousand tuneful voices raise
Their sweetest, loftiest notes to sing his praise ;
While all the golden harps of heaven resound
Triumphant love with endless glory crown'd.

EUSEBIA.

Transporting view ! O for a seraph's wing
To bear me to thy courts, my Lord, my King !
O happy state ! how sweet, divinely sweet,
To bend adoring at thy glorious feet !
How should I wonder that my pow'rs could be
So languid here, so cold to heav'n and thee !
Blest hour of liberty, when we shall rise,
Urania, to those ever-smiling skies !

Where not a cloud shall spread its transient gloom,
But undeclining joys immortal bloom.
There shall thy soothing lyre no more complain,
But tun'd to rapture breathe a nobler strain.
Extatic praise and boundless joy inspire
The meanest voice in that immortal choir.
Come, my Urania, aid my rising thought ;
In the bright hope be every care forgot.

URANIA.

Hail, glorious hope ; how sweet the distant view !
Ye little cares of earth and time adieu.
Fain would I stretch my willing, joyful flight,
With my Eusebia, to those worlds of light ;
Where praise and harmony, unknown below,
Forever with unwearied ardour flow.
But, ere we reach the blissful seats of day,
Eusebia's earthly mansion must decay ;
Then death, (kind friend,) shall bid the pris'ner rise,
And join the raptur'd concert of the skies.
Meanwhile Urania joins her sister's cares,
Partakes her joy, and in her sorrow shares.
And if thy smile inspire the humble song,
Thy name, dear Saviour, shall employ her tongue ;
And Jesus, and Salvation, shall resound
In echoes of delight the groves around.
Divine employ ! to sing thy lovely name,
While list'ning angels join the glorious theme !

AMBITION.

I.

LET Fame the shining annals spread,
Where she records her mighty dead,
And boasting, promise an immortal name !
Vain is her boast, her proud parade
Sinks in oblivion's dreary shade ;
Time, all-destroying time, forbids the claim.

II.

Let her employ her utmost power,
With radiance gild the present hour,
('Tis all she can) her fairest wreaths display ;
What is the envy'd prize, decreed
The living Conqu'ror's glorious meed ?
At best, the fading triumph of a day.

III.

The Christian seeks a nobler prize,
A fairer wreath attracts his eyes,
Divine ambition in his bosom glows ;
His hopes a crown immortal fires ;
Jesus, the Lord of his desires,
On faith, and humble love, the crown bestows.

IV.

Honours unconscious of decay,
While ages rise and roll away,
Secur'd by perfect truth's unchanging word ;
The victor's palm, the robe of state,
Laid up in heaven, the Christian wait,
Triumphant through his dying, rising Lord.

V.

His name, enroll'd among the just.
When sculptur'd monuments are dust,
And mortal glory sinks in endless night ;
Shall with immortal lustre shine,
Wrote by the hand of love divine
In life's fair book, in characters of light.

VI.

Such is the Christian's glorious prize ;
Thus high his hopes, his wishes rise,
Inspir'd by blest ambition, heaven-born flame !
O thou, the source of bliss divine,
My heart renew, exalt, refine !
Nor let me bear, in vain, the Christian's name.

CHRIST THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

I.

O FOR the animating fire
That tun'd harmonious Watts's lyre
To sweet seraphic strains !
Celestial fire, that bore his mind
(Earth's vain amusements left behind)
To yonder blissful plains.

II.

There Jesus lives, (transporting name !)
Jesus inspir'd the sacred flame,
And gave devotion wings ;

With heaven-attracted flight she soar'd,
The realms of happiness explor'd,
And smil'd, and pitied kings.

III.

Come, sacred flame, and warm my heart,
Thy animating power impart,
Sweet dawn of life divine!
Jesus, thy love alone can give
The power to rise, the power to live;
Eternal life is thine.

IV.

If in my heart thy heavenly day
Has e'er diffus'd its vital ray,
I bless the smiling dawn;
But oh, when gloomy clouds arise,
And veil thy glory from mine eyes,
I mourn my joys withdrawn.

V.

Then faith, and hope, and love decay;
Without thy life-inspiring ray,
Each cheerful grace declines;
Yet I must live on thee, my Lord,
For still in thy unchanging word
A beam of comfort shines.

VI.

The vital principle within,
Though oft depress'd with fear and sin,
Can never cease to be;
Though doubt prevails, and grief complains,
Thy hand omnipotent sustains
The life deriv'd from thee.

VII.

O come, thou life of every grace,
Reveal, reveal thy lovely face,
These gloomy clouds remove ;
And bid my fainting hope arise
To thy fair mansions in the skies,
On wings of faith and love.

VIII.

There life divine no languor knows,
But with immortal vigour glows,
By joys immortal fed :
No cloud can spread a moment's night,
For there thy smiles immense delight
And boundless glory shed.

THE COMPLAINT AND RELIEF.

WHEN pensive thought recals the scenes of life,
And full in view the varied landscape rises ;
While mem'ry draws the line, and fancy paints
The mingled light and shade in due proportion ;
Intruding melancholy often blends
Her sable dye, and deepens every shade,
Till all appears a mourning piece of woe ;
And my impatient heart at length exclaims,
Ah, what is life ? what glimpse of real joy
Has ever smil'd to bless the gloomy scene ?
Anxieties, and fears, and pains, and sorrows,
Thick interwoven, rise in every part,
Through all the dreary wild : If e'er delights

Seem'd budding here and there amid the thorns,
Touch'd by the wasting canker, soon they fell ;
Or nipp'd by chilling wintry blasts, declin'd :
Nor one fair blossom ever cheer'd my sight.

So withers all my bloom of life away !
So pain and sickness waste this sinking frame !
The ling'ring hours roll heavily along,
All dark and sad ; save where some transient gleam
Lights a short blaze, and vanishes away,
Birth of a moment !—Such is mortal bliss !—
Is mortal bliss no more ? is this the all
Of happiness that earth can e'er bestow ?
A momentary ray ! a short-liv'd meteor !
Let me reflect again—were blooming health,
That best, that dearest earthly blessing mine ;
Were pleasure mine, and all its tempting charms
Still brighten'd with unsullied innocence ;
Should fortune smile auspicious on my life,
And lavish pour her gifts beneath my feet ;
Could all the gifts of fortune, health, or pleasure,
Give permanent delight, or solid bliss ?
Ah no ! they all are empty, vain, and fleeting !
Earth's fairest gifts united, can't bestow
One happy hour of real satisfaction.
Can air suffice the craving appetite,
Or empty shadows yield substantial good ?

Man has desires, capacious as his soul,
Desires, which earthly joys can never fill.
Can mortal food sustain the immortal mind,

Or her unbounded wishes fix on ought
Below the skies, as equal happiness ?

No, were the brightest scenes of mortal bliss
Display'd before me, crown'd with young delights ;
Should smiling pleasures rise in fair succession,
The earth all blooming, all serene the sky ;
The thoughts of death would cloud the gay meridian
With midnight shades !—And see, the tyrant comes !
His arrow flies !—Down sinks the golden scene
In everlasting darkness !——

But Oh ! the soul, that never-dying part,
Survives the ruin ! then her vast concerns
Appear in all their infinite importance.
On worlds unknown, amaz'd the stranger enters,
Heir to eternity of bliss, or woe.
Eternity—delightful, dreadful name !
What mind can grasp the infinite idea ?

Eternity of woe ! tremendous sound,
Fraught with despair ! unutterable horror !
What heart can bear the distant apprehension
Of the ten thousandth part of half its terrors ?

Eternity of bliss ! transporting thought !
But thought can never reach the faintest shadow
Of joys forever bright, forever full !

What awful, infinite concerns depend
On this poor, slender, trembling thread of life !
Time—how inestimable is the treasure !
How precious every day, and every hour !

And could my foolish, my repining heart
Complain, they move too heavy ? Gracious God,
Forgive the rash complaint, the guilty folly !
By thee instructed, O may I employ
The fleeting remnant of my precious time
In that important work for which 'tis giv'n,
In preparation for eternity.
Confiding still in thy almighty arm,
My God, my strength, (all impotence myself,)
On thee I lean : O make me persevere,
And ardent striving grasp the blessed hope
Thy sacred word displays—the blessed hope
Of life eternal through a Saviour's death !
Be this my refuge, my unfailing comfort,
In every painful hour ! O may thy spirit
Apply that healing balm for every wound,
A dying Saviour's blood ! that full atonement
For all my guilt ! that source of purity
To sinful souls ! that antidote for death !
That fountain of immortal happiness !
And nought below immortal happiness
Can satiate the desires, the vast desires,
Which animate the soul, which bid it rise
Above this dying globe, this nest of worms.

And may a worm, a little particle
Of breathing dust, (for such the frame that holds
This soul, this vital spark of heavenly flame,)
Aspire to mix with angels ? Yes, for man,
For sinful man renew'd, hath heaven decreed
A place amongst those spotless sons of light.

The rebel-angels from their glory fell,
Whelm'd in the depth of everlasting woe,
Without one ray of mercy ; while for man—
Here let me pause and wonder—while for man,
For guilty, rebel man, the Saviour bled !
For traitors, doom'd to never-ending torture,
He bled to purchase life, and happiness !
Redeeming love and mercy is the source,
The boundless ocean of immense delight,
Where all our thoughts are lost in vast amazement.
Redeeming love is the delightful theme
Which tunes the golden harps of paradise
To notes of extasy ! to endless rapture !
This can irradiate all the gloomy scenes
Of mortal life, and tune the jarring strings
Of nature !—This can change the deepest groans
Of pain and sorrow, all to harmony,
And joy, and praise !—O may its sacred power
Reach this poor languid heart, enkindle life
Through all my fainting frame, and raise my soul
To join with angels in the strains of heaven !

My Saviour God, O loveliest, dearest name,
That e'er my ear receiv'd, or tongue pronounc'd !
While hoping, yet almost afraid to hope,
That thou art mine, I breathe the charming sounds
In faultering accents ; wilt thou, gracious, seal
My humble claim, exalt my trembling hope
To full assurance ? Let thy holy spirit
With pow'rful and convincing attestation
Confirm my wav'ring faith, reveal my name,

My worthless name, in thy fair book of life,
In everlasting characters engraved.
Disperse my fears, and fill my inmost soul
With joy unspeakable and full of glory.

O blissful state ! on earth my wish supreme !
Sweet prelibation of immortal joys !
Possess'd of this, I could resign the world,
Nor heave a sigh, nor shed one parting tear.
Then death were welcome, and the frowning aspect
Of nature's foe would change to heav'nly smiles.
Then would I spurn the globe, and rise attended
By guards celestial to the realms of bliss :
To thy bright presence, O my Saviour God ;
To dwell forever in the vast delights
Thy smiles bestow ! there in transporting strains
To join the heavenly chorus ; all my powers
Uniting in immortal praise, and honours,
To thy ador'd, to thy exalted name.
There Jesus and salvation, boundless theme,
Shall swell the boundless song ; and tune the notes
To extasy ! the rapture-breathing strain
Unmeasur'd, but by vast eternity.

A THOUGHT IN SICKNESS.

I.

How weak, how languid is th' immortal mind !
Prison'd in clay ! ah, how unlike her birth !
These noble powers for active life design'd,
Depress'd with pain and grief, sink down to earth.

II.

Unworthy dwelling of a heaven-born guest!
Ah, no!—for sin, the cause of grief and pain,
Taints her first purity, forbids her rest;
And justly is she doom'd to wear the chain.

III.

To wear the chain—how long? till grace divine
By griefs and pains shall wean from earthly toys;
Till grace convince, invigorate, refine,
And thus prepare the mind for heavenly joys.

IV.

Then, O my God, let this reviving thought
To all thy dispensations reconcile;
Be present pains with future blessings fraught,
And let my cheerful hope look up and smile.

V.

Look up and smile, to hail the glorious day,
Jesus, to thee this blissful hope I owe,)
When I shall leave this tenement of clay,
With all its frailties, all its pains below.

VI.

Jesus, in thee, in thee I trust, to raise
Renew'd, refin'd, and fair, this frail abode;
Then my whole frame shall speak thy wond'rous [praise,
Forever consecrated to my God.

A REFLECTION ON A WINTER EVENING.

I.

Now faintly smile day's hasty hours,
The fields and gardens mourn,

Nor ruddy fruits, nor blooming flowers
Stern winter's brow adorn.

II.

Stern winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round :
How bleak, how comfortless the plains !
Late with gay verdure crown'd.

III.

The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart,
And drooping, lifeless, nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

IV.

My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !

V.

Ere long the sun with genial ray
Shall cheer the mourning earth,
And blooming flowers and verdure gay
Renew their annual birth.

VI.

So, if my soul's bright sun impart
His all-enlivening smile,
The vital ray shall cheer my heart ;
Till then, a frozen soil.

VII.

Then faith, and hope, and love shall rise
Renew'd to lively bloom,

And breathe accepted to the skies,
Their humble, sweet perfume.

VIII.

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray ;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

IX.

But while to this low world confin'd
Where changeful seasons roll,
My blooming pleasures will decline,
And winter pain my soul.

X.

O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns ;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

XI.

Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

THE ELEVATION.

I.

While I survey the azure sky
With wonder and delight,
A thousand beauties meet my eye,
A thousand lambent glories deck the night.

I do not ask to know their names,
Nor their magnitude inquire ;
What avails it me to prove
Which are fix'd, and which remove ?
Let the sons of science rove
Through the boundless fields of space,
And amazing wonders trace ;
Bright worlds beyond those starry flames,
My nobler curiosity inspire.

II.

When o'er the shining plain,
Thought ranges unconfin'd,
Night with her sparkling train
Awhile may entertain,
But cannot fix the mind.
The restless mind, insatiate still,
(Which all creation cannot fill,)
Fain would rise
Beyond the skies,
And leave their glitt'ring wonders far behind.
Beyond them brighter wonders dwell,
By mortal eyes unseen ;
Not angel eloquence can tell
The endless glories of the blissful scene.
Wonders, all to sense unknown !
Glories, seen by faith alone !
Come, faith, with heaven-illumin'd ray,
Arise, and lead the shining way,
And teach my longing mind
The path of life to find ;
A path proud science never found
In all her wide, unwearied round ;

A path by bold philosophy untry'd :
Nor will I ask the twinkling eyes of night ;
The sacred Word alone directs my flight,
Nor can I miss my way with this unerring guide.

III.

From awful Calvary the flight begins ;
For there the burthen'd mind
Divine relief can find ;
'Tis there she drops her load of sins ;
Accursed load, which held her from the skies !
'Tis love, almighty love,
Which bids the load remove,
And shews the heavenly way, and bids my soul arise :
Jesus, the true, the living way
To the blissful realms of day !
Come, dearest Lord, my heart inspire
With faith, and love, and warm desire ;
And bear me, raptured, to the blest abode,
Thy glorious dwelling, O my Saviour God.

IV.

In those happy worlds are given
To the favourites of heaven,
Mansions brighter far
Than the brightest star
Which gilds the fair etherial plains.
Stars must resign their temporary ray,
These shine resplendent with immortal day,
Nor cloud, nor shade, their spotless glory stains.
Radiant mansions, all divine !
They shall forever, ever shine
With undecaying light ;
When stars no more shall set and rise,

And all these fair expanded skies
Are roll'd away, and lost in everlasting night.

V.

Adieu, ye shining fields of air,
Ye spangled heavens, that look so fair,
And smiling court the eye ;
Your fading beauties charm no more,
While contemplation lost in sweet amaze,
Dwells on the splendors of a brighter sky :
But, O my soul, at humble distance gaze,
With trembling joy adore.
There reigns th' eternal source of light,
Full-beaming from his awful throne
Dazzling glories,—oh, how bright !
To thought unknown.
Too strong th' unsufferable day
For the strongest angel's eye !
Seraphs veil'd and prostrate lie
Adoring at his feet ;
But love attempers every ray,
And mingles holy awe with bliss divinely sweet.

VI.

Extatic joy ! immense delight !
Here fainting contemplation dies,
The glory overwhelms her sight ;
Nor faith can look with stedfast eyes.
No more, my soul, attempt no more
Those awful glories to explore,
From frail mortality conceal'd.
Yet in the sacred word
I may behold my Lord ;

In those celestial lines
A ray of glory shines,
Pointing upward to the skies ;
Scenes of joy, though distant, rise,
To faith, and hope, and humble love reveal'd.

VII.

Jesus, whom my soul adores,
O let thy reviving ray,
(Sweet dawn of everlasting day,)
With heavenly radiance cheer my fainting powers ;
And when I drop this mortal load,
Free and joyful to the sky
Let my raptur'd spirit fly,
With unknown swiftness wing the aerial road,
And find a mansion in thy bright abode.
Transporting thought—and shall I see
The heavenly friend who died for me ?
While seraphs tune the golden lyre,
Jesus, to thy charming name,
Let me join the blissful choir,
Thy love the everlasting theme !
But not the joy-resounding lay,
Harmonious o'er the worlds above,
Through endless ages can display,
Dear Saviour, half the glories of thy love.

END OF VOLUME I.